



CRAMP SLASH BURN

When Punk And Glam Were Twins.



"Feel free to say you don't have enough time for this..."

Famous. Last. Words.

Spoken to me sometime during the summer of 2010. There was this little book John Scarpatti wanted to put together. It had a thought... cull through John's archives, pull images from his time shooting in 1980's Hollywood, then get the people in those images to share their stories... and it had a title: Cramp, Slash, & Burn: When Punk and Glam Were Twins. Was he serious? For this, I would make time. I had seen some of the images he was prepping for the book. Some were new to me, many were more than familiar. One or two had even hung "poster-sized" on the bedroom walls of my teenage self.

All were amazing.

Having been a child of the 80's, I got the "Twins" reference. Only for me, it was a bit backward from the way things actually happened. Those of my ilk started our musical education with the glitz and sequin of the glam scene. Looks that were easy for us, as teenage girls, to emulate. But the teenage boys we were crushing on, they wanted none of it. So on the weekends we were being dragged off to places like "City Gardens" in Trenton, NJ, to see the Circle Jerks, TSOL, Bad Brains, and of course, Fishbone. The big arena "hair band" shows with their pyrotechnics were one kind of fun. But the grit and energy of the club scene... that was something they couldn't hold a candle to. And much to both my horror and delight, I loved it!

Little did I know at the time, the same phenomenon was being played out on the end of John's lens. Maybe it started out mostly punk, and maybe it ended mostly glam... but that mix in the middle was something he, as a photographer, and we, as fans, saw a lot of.

"I need someone to help me corral writers". A thousand emails, bunches of phone calls, dozens of lunches and dinners, seemingly endless revisions, and one foot massage later... here we are.

Heather Appuliese Hornsby,
a.k.a. JustHeather

**CRAMP
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Hollywood In The 80's By Iris Berry

Hollywood in the 80's was the constant ringing of the telephone, asking to get on the guest list. Or it was a busy signal with no call waiting. There were no cell phones and barely any answering machines. By the mid 80's the beeper showed up, but there were definitely no computers. Everything we did was DIY. For writers, if we needed to do research, it meant really going to the library. Band flyers, fanzines, and chapbooks were all done at Kinko's, where we setup a trade with the Kinko's workers, free printing for free drinks at the bars we worked at, and they were on the guest list for life. Then we'd take our bartered chapbooks and sell them for drinks at the bars.

Since there was no Internet and no cell phones, when we wanted to talk to people, we actually went places. Places like The Masque, or Blackie's, the Anti-Club, Club 88, Claire Glidden's Brave Dog, the Atomic Cafe next door, and Al's Bar was just down the street. There was the Vex, if you didn't mind the occasional riot or two, and Oki Dog, which always felt like the Punk Rock version of "Arnolds" from Happy Days. There was the Starwood, a great place to see a variety of bands, owned by the notorious Eddie Nash, and closed down due to the "Hammer Murders" in Laurel Canyon.

There was the Cathay de Grande, where I had my first bartending job. My roommate Pleasant told the owner that I had tons of experience, and I barely knew how to make a Screwdriver.

I remember my first night. Top Jimmy and Jeffrey Lee Pierce were spinning records. They would go back and forth, play some crazy Country song and then they'd play some horrible Metal song, for hours at god awful, loud volumes. It was killing my ears and every time someone would try to order a drink, I'd have to yell back at the top of my lungs, "WHAT DID YOU SAY?" And then do my best to read their lips.

I kept asking and eventually begging Jeffrey Lee and Jimmy to lower the music and every time I'd ask, they'd just make it louder and laugh their heads off. I was yelling so much, that my throat started to hurt and I could barely speak. Finally I got so mad that I walked over to Jeffrey Lee and Jimmy with a full pitcher of beer in hand, and politely asked them, one more time, to lower the music, and they looked at me and just laughed and turned it up louder. So I took the pitcher of beer and slowly poured it over both turntables. It lowered the music all right. It stopped it altogether. I saw smoke come out of the mixing board. They just sat there stunned. "I told you to lower the music," I said, and turned around and huffed off! Somehow I didn't get fired. But it was pretty hard to get fired from the Cathay de Grande.

There was Raji's, our Honeycomb Hideout, thanks to Dobbs the owner and former doorman and bartender at the Cathay de Grande. Dobbs treated everyone like family, so it felt more like a clubhouse than a nightclub. There was Len Fagan's Coconut Teaser, where Len treated everyone that played there like royalty, and Baba's famous Jam Night every Sunday at the Soundcheck Bar, always a wild time, but so were the other six nights of the week, having a mix of older bar regulars, musicians and scenesters made for an interesting bunch, but Baba made everyone feel right at home. The Soundcheck was also an Eddie Nash club, along with the Music Machine and the Seven Seas on Hollywood Boulevard, not the coolest place to hang out, just a big dance club, but where Ricky Rachtman got his start as a DJ.

There was the Club Lingerie where Brendan Mullen, the founder of The Masque, booked a wide variety of music, everything from Big Joe Turner, Screamin' Jay Hawkins and Percy Mayfield to Junkyard,

Thelonious Monster and the Little Kings, and everything in between. All I know is, I mostly entered that place through the backdoor and if I wasn't interested in the band, I was either drinking out back in the alley with my friends, or I was backstage, because on many nights, that's where the real party was. It by far, had one of the best backstage areas in town. There was the Scream Club, the first one downtown at the Embassy Hotel, where we never knew if we were in the ladies room or the men's room, because both seemed to be coed. The second one was across the street from MacArthur Park, and the third one was at the Probe in Hollywood, also the home of Ricki Rachtmans' Cat House, right before he became the Host of MTV's "Headbangers Ball." There was the Whiskey A Go-Go and The Roxy on the Sunset Strip and next door was the Rainbow Bar & Grill, best known for its 2 a.m. parking lot scene, to find out where all the parties were.

There was Barney's Beanery in West Hollywood, known for a lot of Hollywood rock 'n' roll history. They had matchbooks that plainly read, "No Faggots Allowed." Before it was officially Boys' Town and clearly before the term "politically incorrect" was in existence. Although Barney's is still there, their matchbooks are not! Just west of the Beanery was Flippers Roller Rink where bands played in the center of the rink. I remember seeing the bands 999 and Madness play there, and just down the street was the Tropicana Motel with Dukes coffee shop underneath, where all the touring bands stayed, many times longer than they expected. At any hour of the day or night there was always something going on at the Trop, with its black swimming pool and their lenient management that favored the rock n' roll clientele. And for the hungry, diehard nighthawks, Canters Deli (which is still there), and Ben Franks, both open 24 hours.

The Zero Zero Club on Cahuenga and its four offshoots were incredible. Even though they were only open on Friday and Saturday night, it meant that just because everything else closed at 2 a.m., the night still didn't have to end. They were all after hours places, all opened at 2 am, and all stayed open till sun up, or whenever the beer ran out, which ever came first. I tended bar at a few of them. The one on Vine and the one on Hollywood Boulevard were part owned by David Lee Roth of Van Halen. There was the occasional raid by the local boys in blue. Being the bartender, I was a target for the police and usually one of the first to be tipped off the doorman, whether it was Marc Rude, Big Jason or Carlos Guitarlos, would come straight to the bar, unscrew the overhead light bulb, and before they could say the words, "honey the cops are here, run!" I was already pouring the contents of the tip jar into my purse to get as far away from the bar as possible. The police raids there were hilarious, it was hard to keep a straight face. As the cops had everyone in a line-up from the likes of David Lee Roth, Top Jimmy, Althea Flynt, Bill Gazzarri, Taquila Mockingbird, Vandal's singer Stevo, photographer Gary Leonard, and to name a few; members of the Red Hot Chili Peppers, Social Distortion, X, The Blasters, T.S.O.L., Fear, Guns N' Roses, L.A. Guns, The Hangmen, Fishbone, the Ringling Sisters, Tex and the Horsheads, the Screamin' Sirens, the Hickoids, the Lane Flames, the Little Kings and every punk rocker and metal head from Hollywood to Huntington Beach. With hands over heads waiting to be frisked, as pills, bindles of drugs, vials of coke and syringes came flying out of nowhere and were dropping and rolling on the ground at a breakneck speed. Luckily we were good friends with a bail bondsmen so no one stayed in the pokey too long.

There was the Frolic Room and it's spinoff, the original Frolic next to the Pantages Theatre at Hollywood and Vine and Bob's Frolic #2 on Wilcox and Hollywood Boulevard across the street from Playmates of Hollywood lingerie store with the third Zero One Club right above it. There was the Vine Bar & Grill next to the Brown Derby with all the Hirshfeld's of the Stars covering the walls. And a few doors down was the Firefly that had a doorman checking ID's, If it was your birthday the doorman would alert the bartender from his walkie talkie and the bartender would set the bar on fire and everyone in the whole place would sing you Happy Birthday. It was a long-standing tradition, living up to it's name, the Firefly.

Then, of course, there were the crash pads; the Oxford House, and the Garden Court Apartments on Hollywood Boulevard, where after decades of decline and completely abandoned, in the early 80's it became a squat for punk rock runaways and gang members, it was known on the streets as "Hotel Hell." But in it's heyday the Garden Court Apartments represented the Golden Age of Hollywood, opening its doors on New Years Eve, 1919 to residents like Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy, John Barrymore, Louis B. Mayer and Lillian Gish, only to name a few. Then there was where I lived, Disgraceland with band member Pleasant Gehman, Tex and the Horseheads' guitartist Mike Martt and Screamin' Sirens bassist Laura Bennett, along with a revolving door of many other roommates. The scene of so many crazy tales, and like all notorious punk rock crash pads, Disgraceland was where bands from out of town would come and stay way longer than they planned. Where Don Bolles drummer for the Germs lived in our driveway in his white van with his personalized license plates that read "Unit 666," running extension cords through my bedroom window to power his alarm clock so he could wake up on time for his job at the L.A. Weekly. Disgraceland was also



the place where everyone came after all the clubs closed. Around 2:30 a.m. like clockwork there would be that inevitable knock at the front door, always with about 30 people standing drunk on the porch, waiting to pile in, not wanting the night to end.

Red's Baroque Books just off Hollywood Boulevard on Las Palmas, was truly a goldmine. Red was known for his Bukowski selection, years before Barfly and before anyone knew who Bukowski was. His shelves were also lined with all the Beat and Expatriate classics with hard covers that were signed. Red only let you in his store if he liked you. And if he did like you, Red's bookstore was truly an important place. He was the last holdout from a time gone by. His bookstore was integral. He gave me and my friends, who barely finished high school, a place to learn about real literature and its lineage. He was always giving us books, making sure we had the knowledge and the literary guidance that we didn't and wouldn't get in school. Red shot straight from the hip and didn't mince his words. He could see that we were hungry for literature. He really cared. Red's Baroque Books was one of those places that changed my life and one of the most important stops along the way in Hollywood during the 80's. Janet Cunningham's C.A.S.E. Club, home for wayward punkers who didn't have parents or their parents couldn't deal or just didn't care, was another important stop along the way. Janet generously opened up her home, giving so many, not only a place to stay, but also a way to make money. The first one opened on Cahuenga Boulevard, right next to the first Zero Zero Club. The second one was on Hollywood Boulevard. Janet was smart she started a casting agency with all of us, for casting agents that needed punkers for movie extra's, but were too afraid to round us up.

The movies were mostly big club scenes, which meant we were doing

what came natural; hanging out, drinking, smoking, playing cards and practical jokes, but getting paid for it! How sweet it was.

There was the Loyal Order of the Water Buffalo. A men's club for the punk rock music scene started by Chris Bailey of the Little Kings, Goyo Vargas and members of Tex and the Horseheads; Mike Martt, Smog Vomit and Rock Vodka. The club initially started because a few guys got jilted by their girlfriends. Much like the way Burning Man got it's start, but never became so universal or overblown. And basically what qualified you for membership as a Water Buffalo, was that you had to pass the scrotum drill, ruling out any and all women. The Water Buffalo's were the punk rock tribute to the Flintstones. With Chris Bailey as the Grand Poobah. They held Beauty Pageants and BBQ's with three legged races and pie eating contests, wearing loincloths and other jungle attire. Usually held at Griffith Park or Elysian Park, sheer blackout fun, always guaranteed.

Anything that was worth doing, happened after midnight. It was a time when the headlining acts went on last and there was no pay to play. The Record Industry was upside down, not knowing what to do next with this "Punk Rock" music. They could wrap their heads around New Wave and Metal but Punk Rock was too violent for them.

What I remember best about the 80's was an abandoned Hollywood Boulevard where my friends and I could run amuck and people crossed the streets because they saw US coming. Because we were punk rockers and to them we might as well have been from outer space.

In the mid 80's punk rock got sideswiped by metal and the two merged, which meant that everyone got their hands on a can of Aqua Net Hair

Spray and teased the shit out their hair and fucked a little more with the ozone.

For me the 80's was a simple time, red lipstick, blue-black hair dye and black fishnets, that's all I needed. Oh, and some heroin to keep the feelings down. The whole reason I ran off to punk rock was because I had nowhere else to go, 19 years old and on my own. My mom got remarried and ran away from home. So I ran to punk rock, not with a rebel heart but with a broken heart, and heroin really helped block that out. As the 80's came to an end, things changed. Thurston Moore from Sonic Youth brought Geffen Records a Nirvana record, and that's when Grunge was born. Much to the dismay of the Metal scene. I say this was the end of the 80's, but let's be honest the 80's didn't really end until 1992.

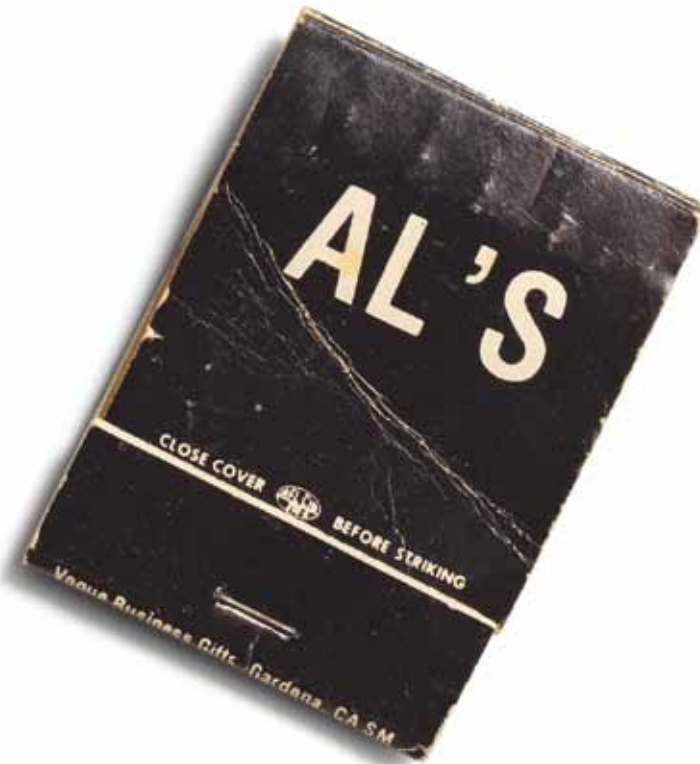
And now it's the year 2010 and here I sit writing this on my laptop computer with my iPhone next to me, my hair a nice shade of blonde and no heroin in sight. But I can still remember Movies Til Dawn on Channel 5, the Three Stooges were always on Channel 13 and there was only 6 channels, not like now with Cable TV where something is always on, whether you like it or not. But back then, usually around 2 a.m. TV ended. First you'd see the Indian with America The Beautiful playing in the background and then suddenly there would be nothing but white snow, and that loud static sound, and that was the worst. We'd race to the TV to turn it off before the snow came, because it was scary. As if the whole world had suddenly come to an end

But not to worry, bright and early at 6 a.m., it would start all over again, with some nice normal news program, and then if we were lucky, we could go to sleep...

Iris Berry



Iris Berry — L.A. Historian & Punk Rock Royalty



In the 80's I was repeatedly told
that I had been a major influence
on the glam rock scene in L.A.

I kept saying,
"don't blame me for it!"

Michael Monroe



CRAMP
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Michael Monroe & Steve Stevens

I met John when he photographed Kix during our first trip to Los Angeles. I don't remember much about the photo shoot, but I do remember that the trip nearly killed me.

We flew out on Friday, November 22, 1985, the day after Thanksgiving, and played our first Hollywood show opening for Guns N' Roses at the Troubadour. We were staying at the Franklin Plaza Suites Hotel (a popular hotel for bands at the time), and after the gig, Guns N' Roses and half the club showed up at my room. The party lasted throughout the weekend, with people smoking, drinking, dancing and who-knows-what-else.

By Monday morning I was burning up with a fever so I spent the next couple of days in bed. The way these suites were laid out, there was a master bedroom with a king size bed and a living room area with two small beds.

Ronnie, Steve and I had flipped a coin to see who would get the bedroom...

I lost.

So there I was

in this little bed
against the wall

in the living room

with the party raging on around me.

Occasionally I would lift my head and peer out from under the blanket to see a foggy, smoke-filled room with

people laughing,
drinking,
bottles clinking,

music blaring and at one point even a guy dancing with Ronnie's jacket. I thought I was hallucinating and in fact, I did start to at one point because my fever was so high. Then a girl tried to crawl under the covers with me.

"What are you doing?
Can't you see I'm sick!"

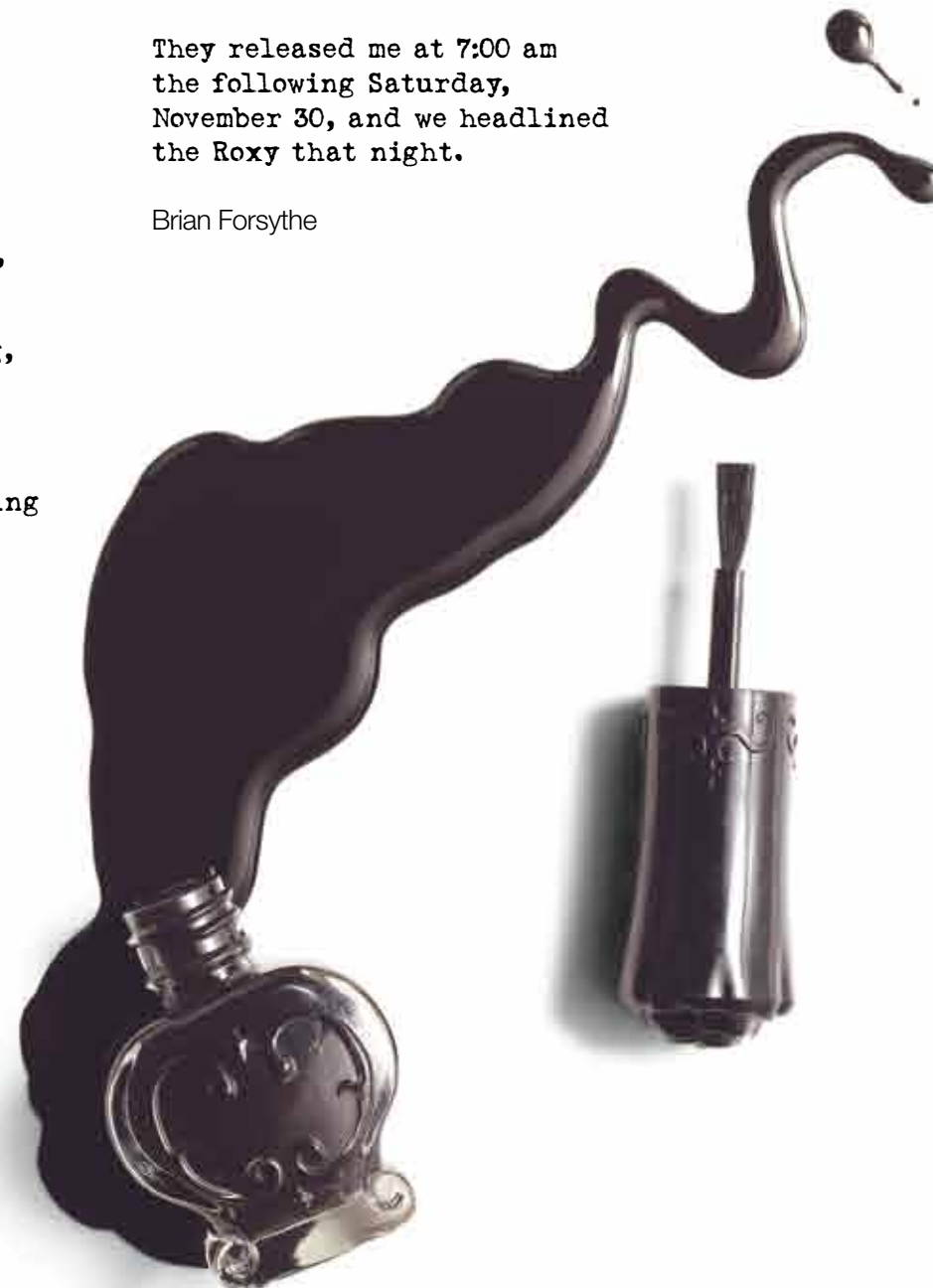
I moaned and weakly shoved her off the bed.

The next morning, I couldn't even crawl to the bathroom.

I grabbed the phone and called our roadie, Beast, and told him I thought I was dying. Beast got me and took me to the Cedars Sinai emergency room, where an ambulance rushed me to L.A. County. I had pneumonia and a 105-degree temperature, and spent several days at the hospital.

They released me at 7:00 am the following Saturday, November 30, and we headlined the Roxy that night.

Brian Forsythe



Brian "Damage" Forsythe — Kix



Everything was so exciting in Redd Kross World in 1984.

Ridiculously exciting.

We were signed to Enigma Records, a Real Record Label that released Actual 12" Vinyl Records, not just cassette tapes. We played Big Shows with Big Bands like Black Flag and X. With previous groups I was in, band photos would often have one member missing, because we would be taking turns taking the photo. If we were lucky, we might get a grainy 110 instamatic snapshot of a gig that a classmate took. So when I joined RK, Enigma wanted new pictures taken. I did not drive yet, so I could not say exactly where it was that we showed up to, but I think it was somewhere in downtown Los Angeles, perhaps one of those large, wide open, high-ceiling loft pads.

I think that this is where we met John Scarpatti. He seemed to have quite the reputation with the folks at Enigma; they had these postcards all over the place with a photo of this punky/new-wavy/bondage-y girl on them that Scarpatti had taken. John was a very gregarious, handsome fellow with this beautiful long red hair. And he had actual giant backdrop rolls, and those blinding umbrella flash gizmos. Whereas so many people just did not seem to get us (are they punks? Are they hippies? Are they shiny poppy pop? Are they arena rock & rollers? - they are all that, and more, kids!), he really seemed to get it, and appreciate the kitsch. We took some rad pictures, celebrating our then Abundance Of Hair. Shortly thereafter one of these pictures ended up in the LA Weekly, and, thank you, Scarpatti, we looked so cool! (I remember RK friend Bill Bartell berating me because I was wearing my father's old embroidered blue jean jacket in the shoot, and defending myself by pointing out that Eric Carr wore a denim jacket on the cover of Lick It Up). We were So Stoked. But then our drummer left. This sadly would become our own Achilles' heel, I guess - the drummers coming and going. So we needed to take some new promo pictures. Los Angeles was in the throes of its glam rock revival period, so our Hair became Quite Big. And Scarpatti documented it in a Big Way, as we draped ourselves in the American Flag, and made puckered-lip pouts toward his lenses.

We lost another drummer, and our fashion style started hurtling into something that resembled a pastiche of Jefferson Airplane meets Ramones (or something to that effect). We were signed with a new label, Big Time Records. By this time, I think that every band in Los Angeles was lining up to have Scarpatti take their picture. Jeff had done some searching and scouting for these crazy Carnival

Fun House Heads, and I think that John picked them up and composed and built the scene for the cover. Our backdrop was made out of dozens of Big Black Garbage Bags.

We staged it in a number of ways, a Psychedelic Frenzy of red lights (or filters?) that became the Poster, and white lights for the Cover of Neurotica. Scarpatti used a large format camera, I think a 4x5, then when we all decided upon the Chosen Shot, he would have it blown up to an 8x10 transparency that he would touch up, removing zits and shine, adding hair, etcetera. We debated whether or not to remove the obvious trash bag background, if we should just stick with it. We kept it on the front, which I, personally, have always been happy about, because I feel it is a Cosmic Connect to the Epic Trashiness of that earlier RK opus, Born Innocent. But on the back cover, John cleaned it up, which was probably a good thing for the clarity of the text, and all.

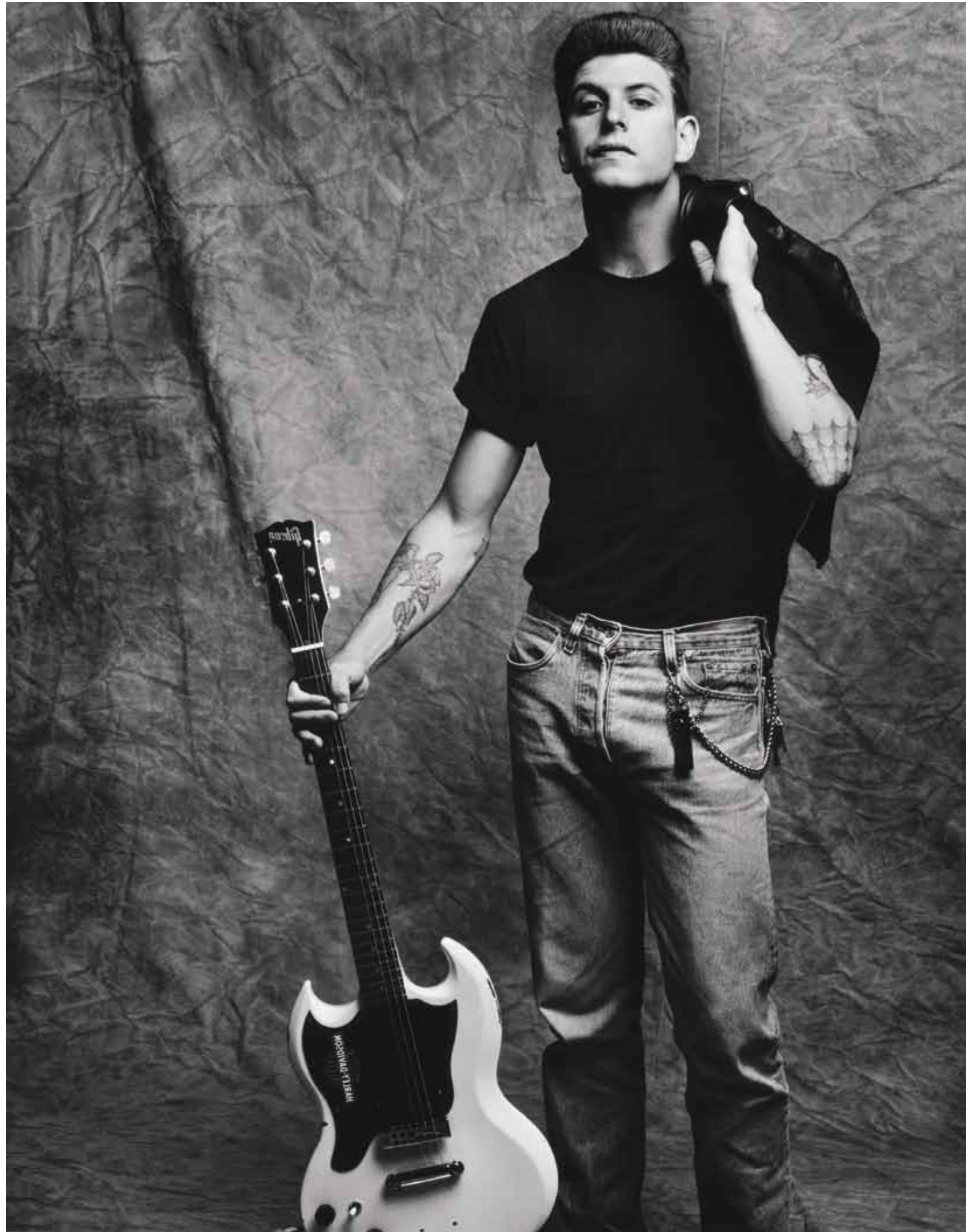
We diverged from Scarpatti somewhere along the line; after the next drummer left, we signed with Atlantic Records, and it was so cool, because John was doing album covers for the likes of our new label mates RUSH at this point (whose 1991 release not only features a cover by John, but also features a track titled... Neurotica...HMMM...), and I was so happy for him.

Because, dude, that is Just So Ridiculously Cool.

Robert Hecker



Redd Kross — Robert Hecker, Dave "The Rave" Peterson, Steven Shane McDonald, Jeff McDonald



Mike Ness — Social Distortion



**CRAMP
& SLASH
& BURN**

My first introduction into the music scene in Los Angeles was through my first group, Psi Com, this was mid-eighties, early eighties. At the time it was super exciting, wide open palate of music in the underground, and it was something that kids did on a nightly basis... go out and listen to live music, unsigned, live music, and signed music. It didn't have to be signed. In fact, all of our friends would go out on a nightly basis to support each other. Cause we're all in bands, we're all living together, we're on the same bills together. If Fishbone was performing on a Wednesday and we weren't, we'd still go out on a Wednesday and check them out. And maybe on a Friday, we'd all be playing together. I mean, you know, it could be anywhere. The clubs could be anywhere from downtown LA, to Orange County, up to San Francisco. We didn't travel much past the West Coast, because unsigned bands, you know, how famous could you be?

The Los Angeles scene was a lot about stage movement, and lots of frenetic energy, and kinetic energy connecting to the crowd. The crowd would get involved in the mosh pits. Because we had the music industry here, it made a fertile place where musicians wanted to come to be in bands, and see live music. It had a place where it could grow and it could become commercially successful. That's why Alternative music grew out of here. Punk rock got to a certain level, and it just kinda died off because it was growing in pockets and it wasn't a huge music industry. But we had our own thing, and you know, it was very Hollywood.

Because we were about getting on the radio, we were happy to be playing in the clubs, but we really wanted to make it, and I think that the commercial music scene was very tired in those days. They had been turning on that 70s rock and roll stuff, and had been turning kinda softer and softer and softer. I mean it started out with Led Zeppelin in the UK and by the time it came over here, they were pumping out like Sticks and Journey, and it was like "forget it". You know, "this shit ain't for us". So we had Punk rock, but we also had commercial music to kinda reflect off. Then you had the industry here that was following the kids in the clubs. That's where the powder keg was. The clubs were not just kids that loved music, it was also the industry that was running around trying to sign the bands that the kids loved. So they would grab those people and they would commercially launch those people. So it was a spring board, and it was potent, and it was powerful. You know, people would blow up if they made it.

What was unique in the mid-eighties to the mid-nineties, in the music scene, you actually had a live music scene that was thriving, where every club was about live music, it wasn't

about the record player, you know the DJ, who's playing other people's songs. You had stages, you had kids getting up there and showing what their talent was with instruments.

People were willing to endure some of the crappier sounding groups for the headliners, or the new group that was being discovered, and it's like, "wow, these people are really, really talented". When you'd go out on Wednesday night, you wouldn't go to some schlocky club with people holding their beer, and doing like an 85 beat per minute grind. You'd have kids really involved, wearing groups on the backs of their jackets. They created a scene, and I'll tell you why the scene was created:

The scene was created because you had four or five guys in a group, they had their girlfriends, and their friends, or their boyfriends, and their friends. So just your guest list alone was a fifty person or more scene. Then they had their friends, so now you're up to hundred, hundred and twenty people, every night, that were becoming friends, because we're human beings making that human connection. Whereas when you have a DJ, and I love DJ music, I love house music, but it is not conducive for creating a scene. That DJ doesn't have a hundred and fifty closely linked people that are there, that are getting into the door, that have a prayer that this group continues on and grows in success, and in numbers as far as their audience. So you can't possibly do a scene with just a DJ, the way that you could when you have three bands with all their friends and family, and THEIR friends and family coming to witness this sound.

Perry Farrell

Excerpted with permission by Lev Anderson and Chris Metzler, from an interview given for the documentary, "Everyday Sunshine: The Story of Fishbone".



Jane's Addiction – Perry Farrell, Dave Navarro, Eric Avery, Stephen Perkins

I HAD SEX WITH
A LOT OF GIRLS,

DABBLED WITH DRUGS,

AND DROOLED
ON MY GUITAR...



THAT'S WHAT IT BOILS
DOWN TO ANYWAY!

Tracii Guns



Tracii Guns — L.A. Guns

**CRAMP
SLASH
&
BURN**



Ya know,
it was funny at the time.

You'd be there, oh, say 1:40 a.m. at the Cathay De Grande, sippin a cocktail. Lost in your thoughts, you look around only to see what madman is behind the turntables in the DJ booth this time, who thinks playing Bob Seger at 45rpm is such a grand idea at 105 decibels.

That's when your eyes fall on a familiar face.

The visage the same, but now the hair is longer and bigger, the clothes more stylishly rumpled.

And is that goddamn mascara you got on?

Dude!

But you're hardly one to talk, as you adjust dear departed Aunt Babe's ermine shawl about your shoulders, so it sits just so. It was the mid 80's, and it seemed as though the baldy punker team was losing yet another solider to the trash team every day.

Our generation of punk rockers, we were the brats of the 70's, just reaching drinking age in those early 80's.

Our shared soundtrack of youth consisted of Kiss and Bowie, Cheap Trick and Black Sabbath. There was trashy pop floating from tinny am radio stations, the soundtrack to our earliest memories: Endless 8 track loops of Frampton Comes Alive in the back of Mom's station wagon, and the heavy stoner rock absorbed through the thin drywall separating us from our older brothers' smoky rooms.

We were forever subjected to someone else's music, it seemed. And then -- finally -- punk rock.

All these things were mixed together, our heads vodka-powered cuisinarts, and somehow we all arrived at a similar place.

And that place might as well be John Scarpati's photo studio, ground zero for the trashglam movement. It was there that we were coaxed to tease the hair a little higher, pout a little more, and let our glam flags fly!

I know other bands made a similar transformation, it's all there in the photos after all.

And I imagine there are a lot of bands that are cringing at the thought of Scarpati finally scanning those photos, setting them free into the wilds of the internet.

Oh, I suppose we could be embarrassed as well and try to hide from these shocking and somehow feline images of debauchery.

But let's be honest here, shall we?

We had a fucking blast back then!

Scrappy Enigma Records seemed to be welcoming every burnt out punk band in town, and they encouraged us to stretch out beyond the hardcore boundaries we'd always had to obey.

So you meet Bill and Wes, you go into the studio with Ron Goudie, you get invited to a couple actual industry Christmas parties and boom! -- there you are in Scarpati's studio, can of Aqua Net pink in one hand and a sweating highball in the other.

I suppose it was a time when, as children all of 23 years old, we were already jaded veterans of show business. Through the wringer of booking and promoting, being ripped off by promoters and doormen all over again, it was if we suddenly thought -- hell, why not? Why not us to be the next ones, to get a major label deal and ride these dark streets in a limousine instead of a '79 Jetta with a broken taillight.

We spent 5 nights out of 7 in Hollywood, and it seemed as though fame was maddeningly possible, yet just out of reach: palpable and as elusive as an aroma.

And so we tottered along the Strip in our cowboy boots, wearing scarves and earrings that would make Liza Minelli blush, passing out flyers and getting smashed.

Leaving our beloved Firefly on a damp night, we'd stumble over to Hollywood Blvd and make a right, vaguely in the direction of the Frolic Room.

Walking on stars, each of us silently going over the speeches we'd one day make, on hands and knees, in front of our own granite pentagram.

And the streetlights overhead glowed amber, like a spotlight pointed center stage.

Mike Magrann





Fates Warning *Parallels*





Modi Frank
the "Exposure Magazine Session"

It was 1988 and I was coming out of the closet as a so called "director". I had just finished directing the Jane's Addiction video "Mountain Song" and Exposure Magazine wanted to write a piece on my work but I had to submit a killer picture to go with the text. Merrill Ward, my ex-boyfriend and best friend for life, was Scarpatti's photo assistant and all around point man. So it was natural I went to Scarpatti with my crazy idea of what I thought would be a great shot of me. Of course it was a ridiculous concept but Scarpatti just keep nodding saying "Sure, whatever you want." I learned a valuable lesson that day from him...no matter how ridiculous the client's concept is just keep nodding yes and know that somehow as the photographer or director you will get an even better shot then they ever had in mind.

My concept was to mirror a really cool comic book I was into at the time called "Black Kiss" by Howard Chaykin. I showed him the cover shot of the comic book which was this girl in a corset tied up in film! We did re create that cover but of course it looked and felt weird. But like magic during the shoot, Scarpatti got the real shot which was a close up of my face. He instantly captured the most magical part of my body, which is my two different colored eyes and in black in white my eyes almost look surreal.

I remember seeing the close up, knowing it was the better shot, but still feeling like a knuckle head because my "film bondage" concept did not work until the party for the release of the magazine. Exposure blew my picture up full page and this was a large format magazine! That night at the party a bunch of folks came up to me and said "Wow that picture of you is amazing what do you do again? You're an actress right?" I knew right then and there that Scarpatti was a genius who made a scraggly director like me look like a glamorous movie star!

Modi Frank





The Cramps — Nick Knox, Poison Ivy, Lux Interior

Four score and 25 years ago,
L.A. was a different place...

Well, maybe not?

Someone must know?

My friends and I were young and having fun. We stumbled into what I called "the nightclub racket", and there we were: three of the coolest scene-makers in L.A.

To my right was Salomon Emquies, a photographer and artist who was one of the very first L.A. night club promoters. Salomon owned the undisputedly coolest club night of the early 80's called "The Rhythm Lounge". It's ironic that the "French" in L.A. busted out hip hop culture, but it's true. My Moroccan-born friend was a cultural visionary. The club featured Ice-T as the house rapper and graffiti paintings from the likes of Ramel Z & Jean-Michel Basquiat. At the time, I was in Art School at UCLA and my friend Barry Blumberg (aka Double B) and I were happy to sub-in as resident artists with our own take on graffiti painting. During a raging night, "The Double" and I used to stand next to our paintings in the hope we could impress girls.

So take a look at, among other things, three of the first L.A. figures in rap music. Ha ha!



To my left was the Rhythm Lounge resident DJ Matt Dike. For all who knew him, Matt is a legend. I'm very proud to say at the time of this picture he was my best friend and business partner. Although I've been married twice, I don't recall ever spending so much time with another person? Over the period of a year (mid 85 to 86) we were inseparable. We opened our own club: Power Tools. I've heard it referred to as "the granddaddy of all LA clubs". All I can tell you is that we "lived" Power Tools, and we rocked Saturday nights! Dike was without doubt the world's 1st superstar DJ. His power over a dance floor was remarkable. He was also the founder of Delicious Vinyl Records and produced classic hip hop like the Beastie Boys "Paul's Boutique" and west coast rap hits "Wild Thing" and "Bust a Move". It's crazy to say Dike did so much for 80's pop culture, then by the age of 30 disappeared from the scene. This guy literally became a hermit.

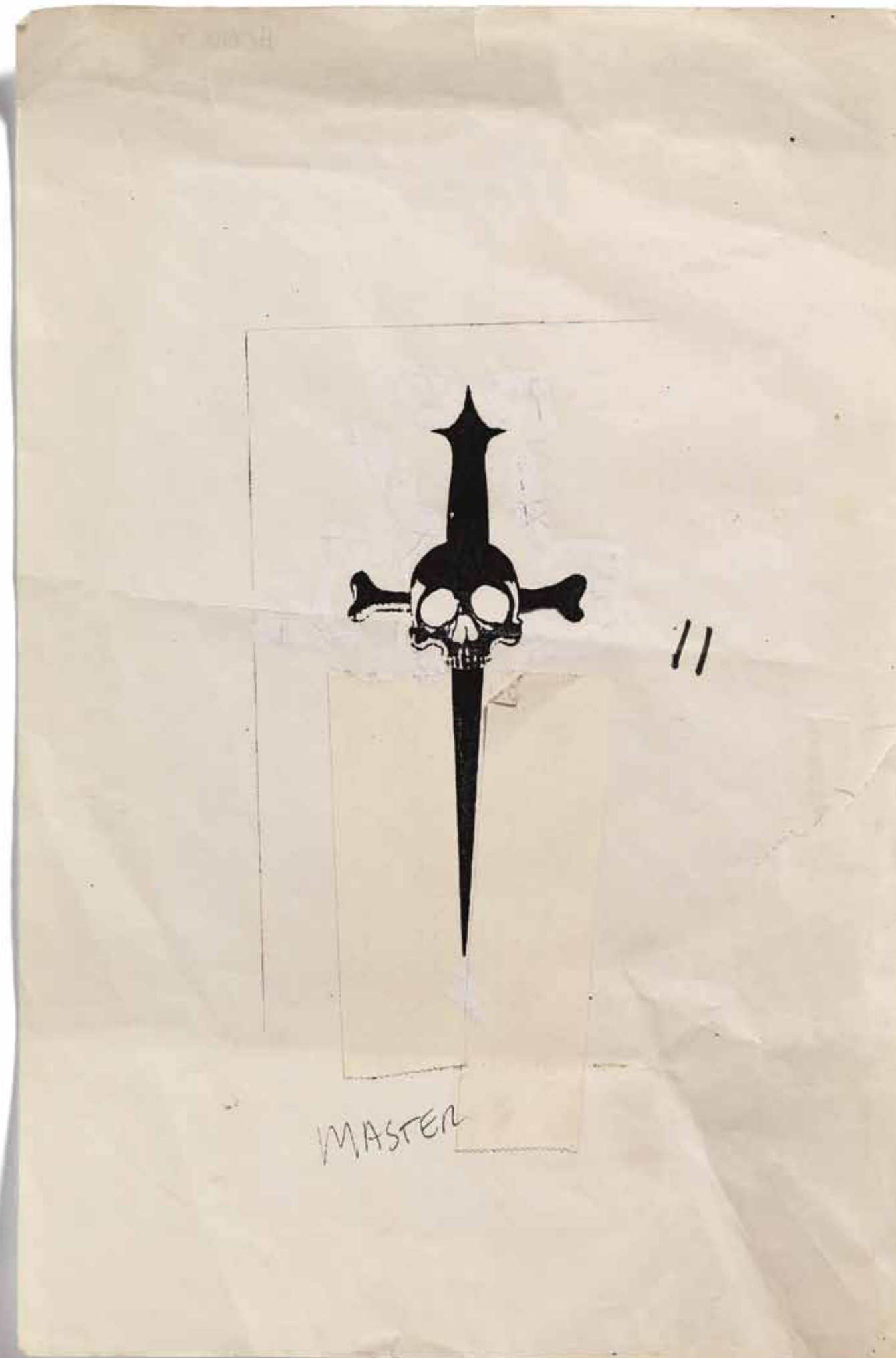
And me in those days? I was L.A.'s New York City kid. I would go back home, hang out in the NYC debaucherous nightclub scene, and basically import the culture. I started L.A.'s 1st nightclub doorman, actually made up the job! Before our club, you waited in line and paid your admission. So I guess I'm the one to blame for the velvet rope. Well, yes, and maybe some other 80's habits like dreadlocks and the drug "Ecstasy". Everything seemed so harmless back then, oops! Who would have known!

I spoke to Salomon the other day. We could not remember this shot being taken. To be honest it wasn't cool to have your picture taken in the 80's. Us three "real deal 80's poseurs" were too cool to pose for photos. The existence of this shot shows giant respect for Scarpati. We always dug his photos and hanging at his studio parties, so thanks for the memory John!

Jon Sidel



Solomon, Jon Sidel & Matt Dyke — Smalls, Power Tools & Delicious Vinyl



I came from Punk Rock and when I was hanging out at the Scream Club — which was kind of a Death Rock meets Fetish scene — I started Lip Service. Glam was just taking off with Hanoi Rocks and early Guns N' Roses. So when I first saw that Poison was wearing my dagger leggings, I was like, 'Fuck! Not these guys!' But after a few months, I realized the hair metal scene had way hotter girls, so I bailed completely on the punks!

Drew Bernstein

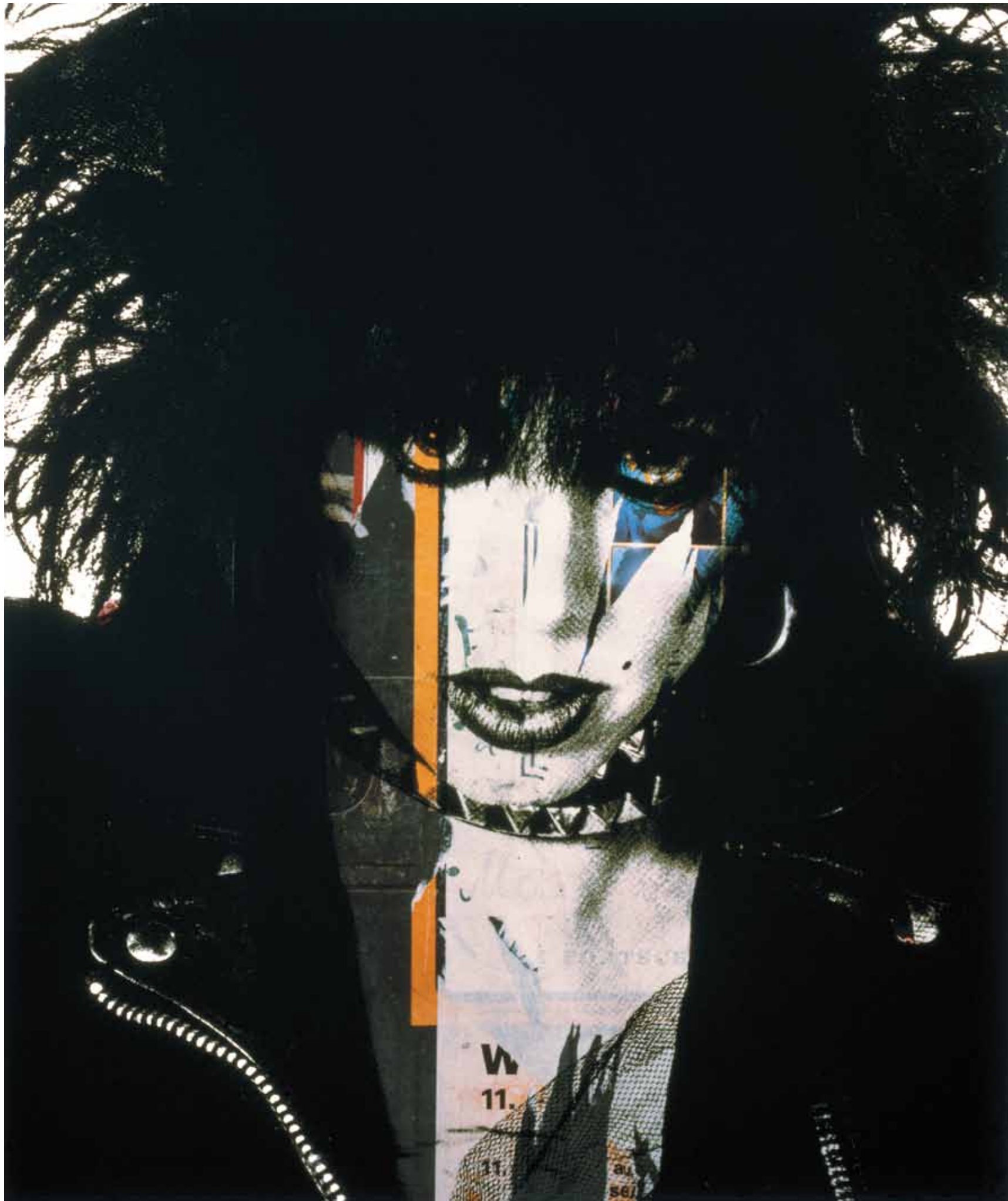


**CRAMP
& SLASH
BURN**

DINNERS	
Van Halen 10 oz. grilled Delmonico steak (as you like it), salad and french fries	\$3.75
Elvis Costello Fish and Chips: three battered Icelandic fish fillets, french fries, lemon, tartar sauce	\$3.50
SANDWICHES	
Rodney Bingenheimer Hamburger and french fries	\$1.50
Sex Pistol Cheeseburger and french fries	\$1.75
Blondie Cheeseburger with bacon and french fries	\$2.00
Kim Fowley Bacon, lettuce and tomato	\$1.25
Johnny Rotten Grilled cheese	\$1.00
Ramone Hot dog and french fries	\$1.00
SNACKS	
Phast Phreddie French fries	\$1.00
Iggy Pop Fresh fruit salad	\$2.00
Devo Nuts and chips in a bowl	\$1.25
Runaways Large green salad with lettuce, tomato and choice of dressing	\$1.25
DRINKS	
Cocktails	\$1.75
Exotic Drinks	\$2.25
Beers: Coors/Bud	\$1.50
Lowenbrau	\$1.75
Soft Drinks	\$1.00
WINES	
Rosé	\$1.75
Chablis	\$4.50
Burgundy	\$7.50
By the Glass	
Half Carafe	
Full Carafe	
All prices include sales tax.	
<i>Whisky</i>	
8901 Sunset Boulevard Los Angeles, California 90069	

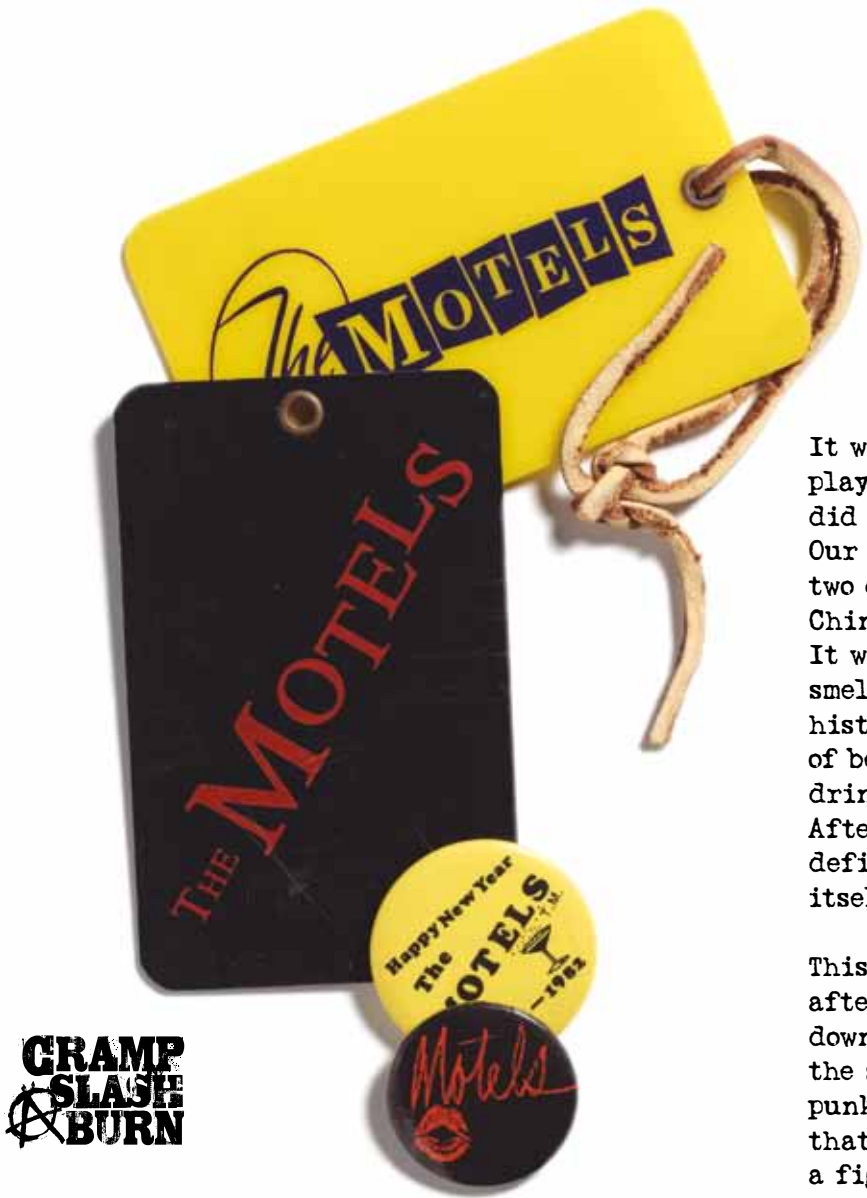


Todd Crew — Jetboy



Cleopatra

**CRAMP
SLASH
& BURN**



CRAMP
SLASH
& BURN

It was probably 1979, we were playing Madame Wong's, which we did quite frequently in those days. Our set was preceded with one or two double shots of an ancient Chinese brandy called Ingapi. It was a bright orange color, and smelled like 2000 years of Chinese history. George Wong had stories of being a pilot in the war and drinking Ingapi for courage. After a couple of shots there was definitely no fear, and reality itself seemed an option...

This one night we were packing up after the show, carting our gear down the long flight of stairs to the street. There were a couple of punks downstairs starting a scene that would ultimately end up in a fight.

George and Esther ran a tight ship, no shenanigans, (I remember Esther... small, old, and very feisty, dragging Dee Dee Ramone into the bathroom by the ear, to remove graffiti he had installed).

I informed George that there was trouble brewing downstairs, George (no young man at the time) sprang into action, he hits the street, jumps between the two guys and shoves them apart.

One kid starts yelling, "Hey get your hands off me, my dad's a big lawyer in Beverly Hills, he'll sue your ass!" Or something to that effect.

To which George turns, pins him with a steely stare, and in a very menacing Chinese accent pronounces...

"You may be from Beverly Hills, but you in Chinatown now!"

Now let it be known that some of the facts may be clouded by time and Ingapi...

But that line I will never forget.

R.I.P. George and Esther

P.S. The last time I saw Esther, we were playing at Hollywood Park, the race track.

Esther appeared, I had not seen her in years, George had already died. She was smaller than ever, though still bigger than life.

I embraced her, and asked "what are you doing here?"

"I come see you!"

Now Esther had a real love of the track and gambling, so I said...

"No you came to play the ponies"

"If I wanna play ponies I go to Santa Anita, I come see you!"

She really did love the music.

Martha Davis



Martha Davis — The Motels



Ronnie Younkens — The Goddamn KIX Band

Kix met John during our Midnite Dynamite album era in 1985. We immediately hit it off, admiring his rock 'n' roll artistic style, sense of humor, and no-pretentious-rock-photographer attitude. He took the picture for what I call our "Midnite Dynamite poster" the one where Brian and Steve are in the forefront and Brian is definitely looking outrageous. I kept some of these posters because they are a bona fide, genuine, rock 'n' roll group shot. I have one hanging in my studio basement with my Beatles, Stones, Hendrix, Alice Cooper, New York Dolls and Aerosmith posters... and it certainly says it all. John also took the photos that you can see on the back of the Kix "Blow My Fuse" album cover (1989). He made and photographed the non-typical, surreal-looking, skull model that was used for the "Hot Wire" album cover (1991). He also produced, directed and filmed the "911" video (from the "Show Business" album in 1995).

Awesome work, John!



I remember us (Kix) opening for Guns N' Roses before their first album was out. We were supporting our third album "Midnite Dynamite".

We opened for them at the Troubadour (as Brian talks about in his story) in L.A., November 1985. We rocked the club that night and then we left our little dressing room to watch a band that we had heard about but were seeing for the first time ... Guns N' Roses. They absolutely blew me away with their cool and pounding rhythms, great songs and stage show, bluesy rock lead guitar riffs, and not to mention a bad ass, very cool lead singer, who sang his ass off. I remember thinking he sounded like a male version of Janis Joplin. Also the girls that they had incorporated into their stage show were the icing on the cake, with their provocative moves and look. We invited everyone back to our hotel — the Franklin Plaza Suites Hotel in Hollywood that night... girls galore... booze galore... smoke galore... you name it galore... for a party that seemed to have lasted for a couple of days.

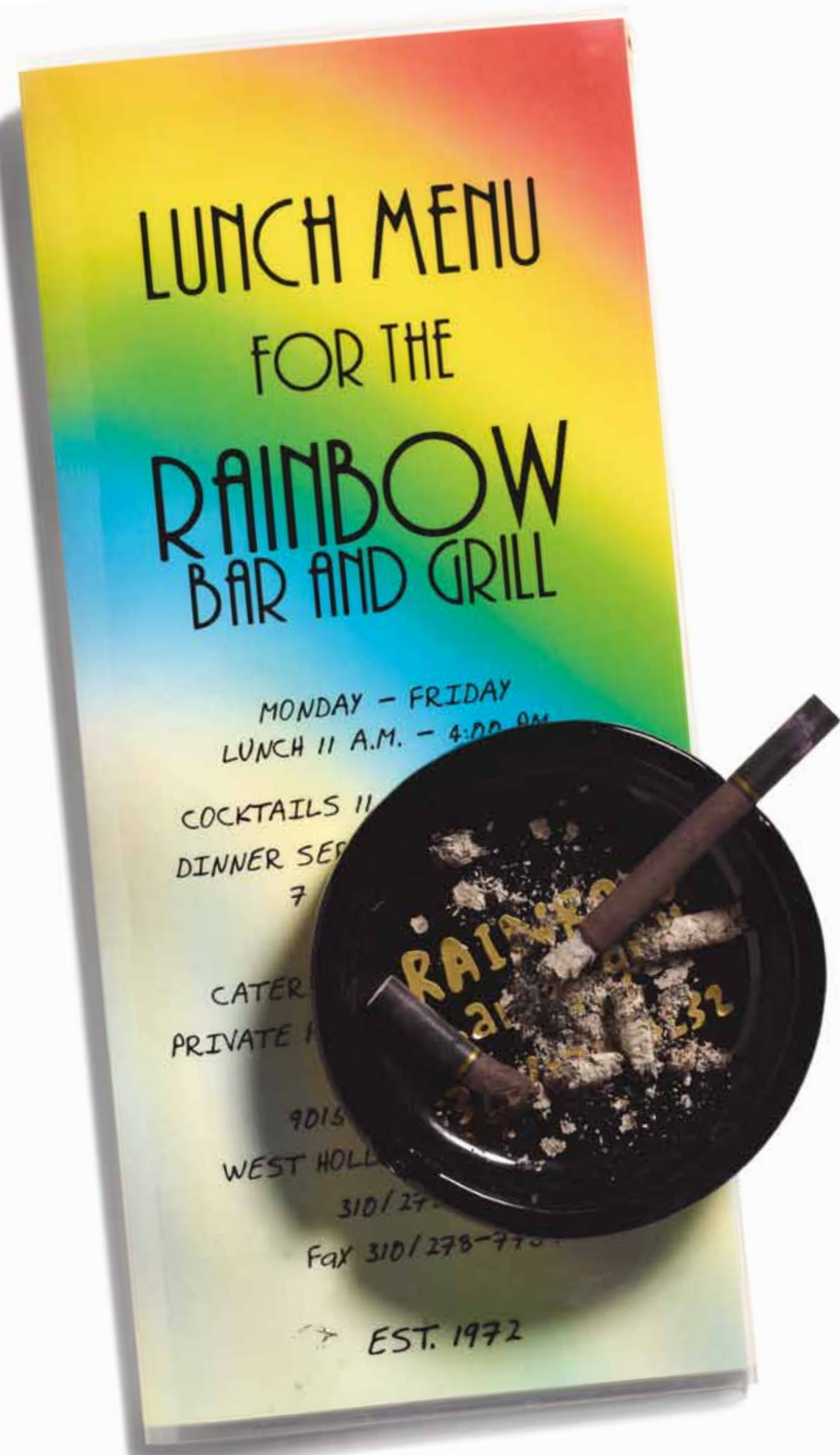


**CRAMP
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Even though we were from the East Coast, we were there part of the L.A. music scene in the late 80's, and I am damn glad to still be alive to tell anyone the stories who asks!

Rock 'n' Roll Forever!!!!

Ronnie Younkens



Dramarama — Mark Englert, Chris Carter, John Easdale, Jesse Farbman, Peter Wood



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& BURN

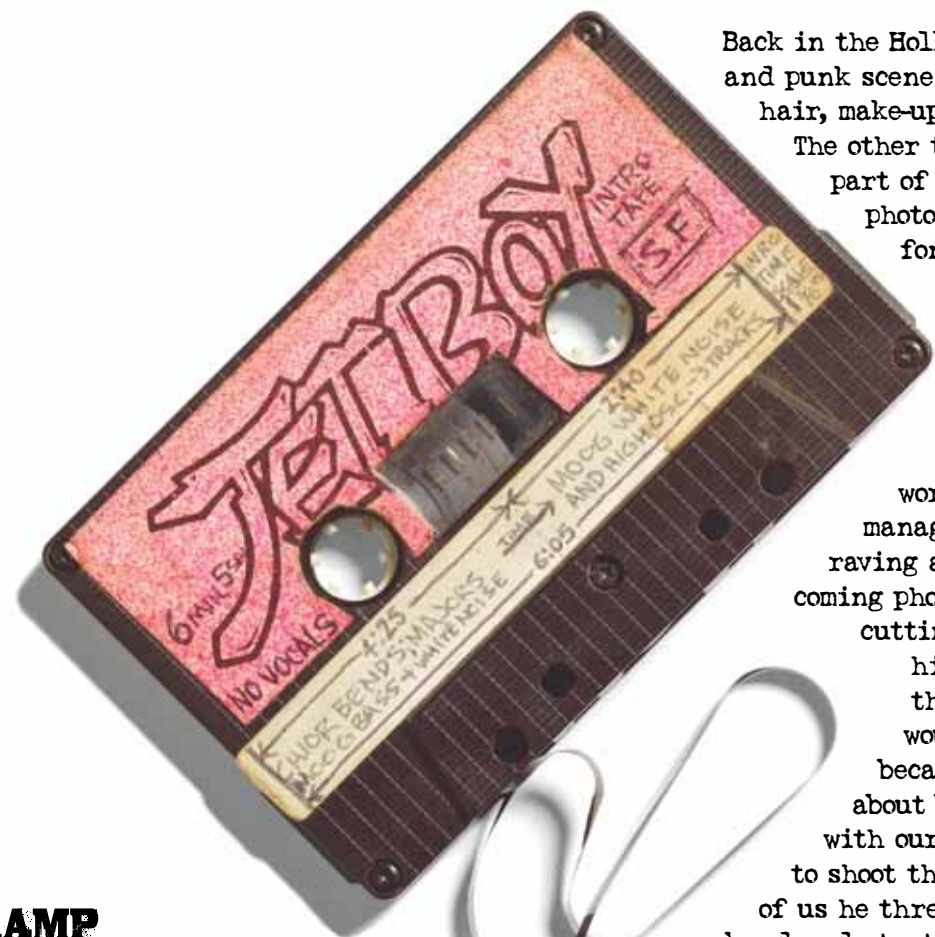


I don't hold anything against
people with English accents ...
so long as they're from Australia!!!
At this point ... while the guys
were just one tiny weeny personnel
change away from becoming the world's
most Popular Version. As for THEIR
decision to give me the axe, I then
and still to this day, Declare ...
"Good Call" ... I was totally down
with it !!! "Carry on boys ... pip pip,
and all that" However, it IS a shame,
that they couldn't just leave sleeping
dogs lie ...

Nickey Alexander



L.A. Guns — Traci Guns, Kelly Nickels, Mick Cripps, Nickey Alexander, Phil Lewis



Back in the Hollywood 80s Glam rock and punk scene, it was all about cool hair, make-up and good, fun, music. The other thing that was a big part of those days was great photography. One of my fondest memories when it comes to taking photos was working with John Scarpatti.

It was 1985 the first time JETBOY worked with John. Our manager at the time was raving about this up and coming photographer and how cutting edge and creative his photos are. Hearing this sounded like it would be a perfect match because JETBOY was all about being over the top with our look. As John began to shoot the very first photos of us he threw glitter up over the band and started snapping shots as it rained down on us. By the end of the shoot we were covered in glitter and our relationship with Scarpatti began. Those photos became the bands first well know shots from back then and to this day they are probably the most glammed-out, over-the-top photos we ever took!

Fast forward to 1986 ...

We prepared for another shoot with John, who was now living in a big, downtown L.A. warehouse. Our manager was also living in the same place, so we stayed there all the time on our trips from S.F. to L.A. for gigs. For this shoot we left in the early afternoon for about an hour drive to an airplane graveyard in the Mojave desert. John picked out a few cool old war planes to pose with and before we started to shoot he told us to throw dirt on our clothes. At this phase of the band we had shifted into wearing

more black with a glammy western look -- conchos and bolo ties -- and a little less make up. It was blazing hot out and felt double the heat to us, being dressed in all black. By the end of the shoot we were covered in dusty dirt and we knew John had now caught the next photos the band would use for show flyers, press, etc. To this day these photos are some of my favorite photos of the band and what I feel was one of the best eras of JETBOY which is right before we signed with Elektra records.

JETBOY shot one more time with John after this and, of course, the photos were incredible. John went on to shoot a lot of bands from our scene after this so I'm proud to say that JETBOY was one of the first bands from the 80s glam rock scene that he shot.

Between all this the band had spent many days and nights at John's studio partying with friends, bands, girls, etc ...

I can still picture the place with the big prints on the wall and open kitchen ... I also remember driving from SF to LA with John in his old three-on-the-tree Chevy van, coming from a SF JETBOY gig with our newly silk screened shirts John made that became the bands first largely circulated shirts.

As I finish writing this more stories unfold from those days back in the 80s and how John was a big part of those days and how much he helped shape many bands with his brilliant photography and art ... It was all about being young and having fun, with no care in the world but to dress-up, play rock n roll, be creative, and of course party !

Thanx for the great memories John, I look forward to making more in the future, We are long overdue ... !

Billy Rowe



Jet Boy — Billy Rowe, Ron Tostenson, Fernie Rod, Todd Crew, Mickey Finn



Eyes, *Eyes*

**CRAMP
& SLASH
BURN**



We were just a bunch of goofball punkers that grew our hair out. I remember this skinhead trying to be all scary saying "cut your hair" (how original). Mike and I, laughing at him, said "your head is so ugly, you should grow yours!"

We were not very gloomy, more like The Monkees meets The Stooges.

There was a lot of laughter sandwiched in all that darkness!

Smog



Tex & the Horseheads — Gregory "Smog" Boaz, Mike Martt, Robert "Wilbur" Williams, Texacala Jones

"Hollywood Lights"
By: Rikki Rockett

The lights stretched out over Hollywood and into the foothills where I could only make out blurrs of light. I walked across the roof atop of our apartment on Whitley and Franklin thinking to myself, "We will survive this.!" My thoughts raced to the guy in apartment #234 who just a few weeks ago had ended his life jumping off of this very roof. Still, I loved that view. I knew why this place had trapped so many people. Made them feel wonder and hope. I also knew why the perverts and the drug dealers were here. There was so much prey.

Innocence with a bit of desire and a whole lot of curiosity that could strike a match that would build a fire and destroy a human soul and then reduce it to a mere "deflated self-esteem cinder". That was when you could do just about anything to anybody. That is when people are in such a state that you can manipulate them, take advantage of them, survive off of their pitfalls and their loss of good judgement. There were people who lived for this. They tried to get us too. Every single day. Thinking about all of this made me feel lucky. Lucky because, all WE really needed was to find a place to live tomorrow!

I knelt down to grab a loose piece of roofing, arranging it back to where it had detached. My stomach growled. I hadn't eaten but once that day. But neither did anyone else from our band. A cool wind blew for a second and gave me a moment of relief from the summer heat. I yawned and realized that I had to get to sleep if I was going to be able to get up early and look like a responsible apartment hunter. I had to look like that nice kid from PA looking to make the big time. I would put on nice clothes, tie my hair back and smile. I would say whatever it would take. There was a bigger agenda and that would be worth the effort. I felt it that night and knew it would be so. Realization can come at one hell of an hour and this was my moment of silent knowing. The City lights were my church that night. I had just had my first Hollywood communion and I would never doubt myself again.

Excerpt from:
"Confessions Of A Fallen Angel"

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&
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Poison — C.C. DeVille, Bobby Dall, Bret Michaels, Rikki Rockett



Fear Of God, Beneath The Veil

**CRAMP
SLASH
BURN**

CRAMP
SLASH
& BURN



The Goddamn KIX Band — Brian “Damage” Forsythe, Jimmy “Chocolate” Chalfant, Steve Whiteman, Donnie Purnell, Ronnie “10/10” Younkins

The 80's were magic.

Everyone was friendly and got along.
The diversity of music was amazing.
Everyone knew everyone and there
was no "I'm better than you" tripping
going on.

Heroin and other drugs ruined
many talented and artistic bands
and people.

It was a time that cannot be
repeated, society has changed.
We used to hang out, we had a
community. Now we have social
networks and cell phones
instead. People just don't hang
like they used to...



the ones who are lucky enough
to still be alive.



Bernie Bernstein — The Little Kings



Bernie Bernstein — The Little Kings

Scarpati was the first "professional" photographer we ever worked with, and over the 8 years during which we worked together (1986-1993), he helped bring several of our ideas to life (thankfully, we were not the subjects of two of the three album covers John helped us to create). I hate to pose for pictures...



the times I was standing in front of the camera when John was behind it were among the only times I've ever felt even close to comfortable being photographed.

John Easdale



Dramarama — Peter Wood, Chris Carter, Mark Englert, Jesse Farbman, John Easdale

I absolutely LOVE this shot ... John & I, now refer to it as, "THE GUN" (no pun intended). This picture carbon dates when it was taken, via ... if you look very closely, kinda Dead Center Bulls Eye ... I mean REALLY closely, you might just notice that amidst all the Big Guns & Ammo Boxes, somewhere in-between all the Hair Spray, Make Up, and Tough Guy Attitudes ... you'll see that the revolver I'm holstering, is nothing more than my very own personal 99 Cent Store, Bright Neon, See Through, SQUIRT GUN. Therefore, it would take a Retard to not know that it was taken after my second to last show at The Troubadour, but before my last (different lineup). Up until and including that particular event (2nd to last), I had adorned my right hip with amongst various other embellishments, a well placed light brown, not to be confused with beige or tan ... ECKH !!! A light brown Hand Tooled Mexican Holster, that held within, a Starter Pistol ... of which I acquired at the Magic Shop on Hollywood Blvd. (this set up later got me into trouble at the junkyard, but that's another story ... let's get back to the carbon dating of this much acclaimed photo) Marie ... was Mick's girlfriend (maybe ex by then, whatever) and shot a Major Wet Spot in her panties whenever anyone so much as mentioned the name of Marc Rude. Marc ... was our New Tour Manager, and came equipped with not only a very distinctive FUCK YOU attitude, but a sweet pair of fingerless gloves. Marie ... had an overabundance of stock at stake in the band, and never missed an opportunity to give Mick a hard time. Marc ... came to the table "without" not only an adequate work ethic, but the ability to comprehend a very simple phrase "Now's not the time". Marie ... is a Fuckin' PSYCHO, at least she was back then, which is an integral element in the carbon dating process, and therefore, essential to the plot. THIS, my friends ... is what we in the business refer to as, A BAD MIX. So ... when Marie comes running up to me, just minutes before the band hits the stage, catches her breath, and screams "Nickey, Nickey Nickey, oh my

God Nickey, you gotta come quick, Marc's having trouble gettin' in", I look at my wristwatch that's not there "Well it's A-Fuckin-Bout time that Asshole showed up", and I quickly follow her out front. By this time, the doorman's request that Marc remove his fingerless gloves, had escalated into a scuffle, that led way to not the cops getting called in, No No ... 'twas the West Hollywood Sheriffs who arrived to save the day. Yeah ... "those" fuckers ... ya don't mess with them !!! Remember the PSYCHO reference ??? Marc's handcuffed, and being prodded to the back seat of the cruiser (drivers side), traffic's just missin' all four of us, OH ... did I forget to mention that Marie took it upon herself to rescue Marc, and was pounding on the arresting officer's back, screaming every name in the book "You Piece'a'Shit, You Cocksucker, You Dirty Mother Fucker, You Leave Him Alone". I ... Chivalrous to the bitter end "MARIE ... MARIE GOD DAMN IT", which only served to focus the attention to myself. Ya see, when the other West Hollywood Sheriff saw me pulling Marie off his partner ... "FREEZE ... FREEZE, HANDS ON YOUR HEAD MOTHER Fucker", "You Got It ... I was just tryin' to help your", "FREEZE", "HEY ... I'm frozen here, I was just helpin' your partner, this is a starter pistol on my", "FREEZE", "God Damn It, I'm Fuckin' Froze Already, ALRIGHT, I'm in the band, see how

I'm all dressed like a fag an shit ... I'M IN THE BAND". Here's the visual ... Cars are stoppin', and then screechin' away, People on the sidewalk (fans) are like "What the Fuck", Shows about to start, and I still gotta take a shit, Mark's now in the back seat, Marie's REALLY Pissed Off, Mick comes walkin' out, sees my hands on my head, thinks

it's a joke "NICKEY, stop fuckin' around and get in here", "In a minute Mick, go back inside and tell Kirk to do somethin' roadie like on stage", Mick's twin brother Robert staggers up, eyes barely open, and mutters "I told ya not to wear that shit" ... and all the while, this Stupid Rookie Son-Ah-Da-Bitch-Fuck's got his Close Range Stance on, and wobblin' his Brand New Glock, like a foot from my Fuckin' Head ... kinda scary, Very Memorable.

Needless to say, the band went on a tad late that night ... and if there's one thing I can't abide, it's waitin' around for a show to start !!! Aah, Tels etaient les jours va bien. I remember back in The Summer of Hate, the time I went to see ...

ThankYouVeryMuch,
Sir Nicholas S. Alexander XIII, Esq.,
a.k.a. Porky



L.A. Guns — Traci Guns, Robert Stoddard, Nickey Alexander, Paul Black, Mick Cripps



Warrant — Jerry Dixon, Jani Lane, Joey Allen, Erik Turner, Steven Sweet



On Tex and the Horseheads:

We invited them to come by the label and meet the staff and sign a few autographs for retail accounts.

They did so but wore pajamas due to the early hour that we had given them to come (which, by the way, was 11 AM).

Never again asked them to do anything before noon.

Wesley Hein —
President & Cofounder, Enigma Records



Texacala Jones — Tex and the Horseheads





Dramarama, Vinyl



**CRAMP
& SLASH
& BURN**



It was 1988-89 or so, and Hollywood California's own hard rock outfit LONDON had to get it together for the day and try to make it to the photo studio on time. The band was about to head out of "La La Land" (meaning Hollywood) which meant we had to stay out of trouble so we could shoot all the artwork needed for our new album, titled "Playa Del Rock", before leaving. We had been working on organizing this shoot for a long time with our label and Scarpati Studios. So it was time to get down to business!

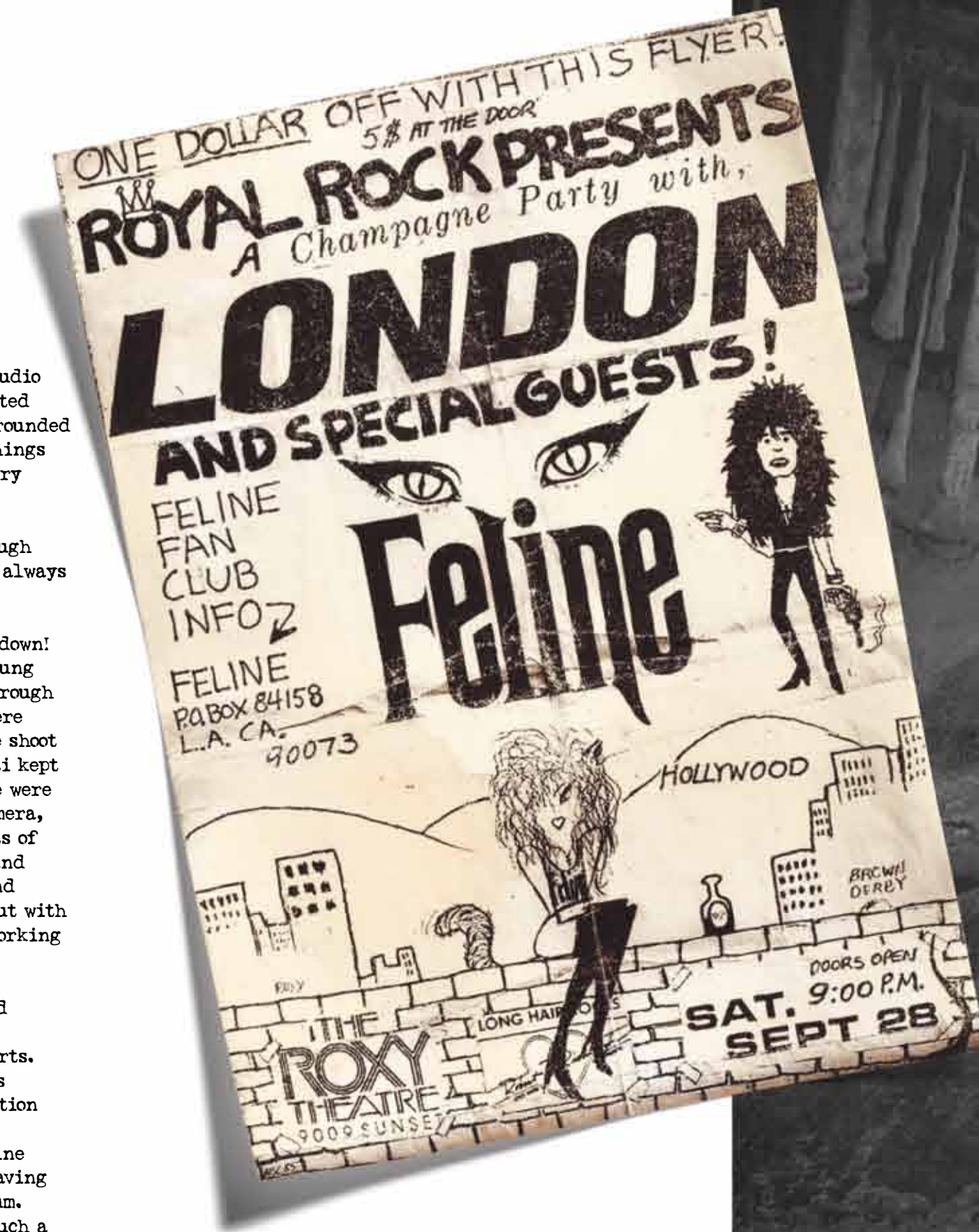
We met up at "The Brewery" in downtown Los Angeles. The Brewery sits north of downtown L.A., east of Chinatown and East L.A. If you are not from LA, and not familiar with The Brewery, that probably means nothing to you. But if you are familiar with the Brewery compound, then you know this to be the choice location for an artist's loft/studio. Back then, it was a sketchy "go at your own risk" type of location, but still a great place to have fun being creative 24/7. It was the 80's and it seemed that the wild party atmosphere was never ending!! If you weren't there, then you will not get the full effect of the music scene. You could shoot anything and everything there. Lots going on behind the scenes, and lots of fun, even if it was a bit seedy.

John Scarpati had the prime studio loft. His bedroom was incorporated into the studio and he was surrounded by props and many other cool things to see. It was also an art gallery which he proudly presented for everyone who was invited over. Lots of famous bands went through his studio back then, so it was always a busy place.

John Scarpati had the visuals down! He knew what we needed as a young band with a lot of attitude. Through the whole London session, we were consuming a lot of spirits. The shoot became a bit looser and Scarpati kept fueling us with his Mojo. There were things going on not only on camera, but also behind the camera. Lots of hot assistants at Scarpati's...and course we had our own "fleas and ticks" of rock & roll hanging out with the band. It was a lot of fun working with our friend.

We go way back to a great period in music life, a time of an unprecedented love for music/arts. We were all growing together as artists and had a great connection that only we could appreciate. John Scarpati is a friend of mine and I really look forward to having him shoot the next LONDON album. Hope you all get to work with such a talented photographer... 'cause you will have a piece of art, and a piece of Scarpati.

Nadir D'Priest



London — Brain West, Allan Krigger, Vince Gilbert, Sean Lewis, Nadir D'Priest



Brian Forsythe — Kix



Nickey Alexander — L.A. Guns



"I Got Nuthin'."
Nickey Alexander



**CRAMP
& SLASH
BURN**

Getting Behind the Green Door:
Another Day & Night in the Life
of the Hollywood Underground.



The sun shone far too brightly into the room through the slatted blinds. It hurt my eyes as they slowly began to inch their way open. It seemed to take me far longer than normal to orient myself and figure out exactly where I was in that moment. It really could have been anywhere in Hollywood or the surrounding environs of the City of Lost Angels. This particular Saturday morning, however, it was on my day-bed in the living room of my shared, one bedroom, Hollywood bungalow apartment located in Los Angeles' Miracle Mile district. As I slowly pulled myself upright I found that my legendary doorman-turned-bit-actor roommate, Paul Dancer, was nowhere to be seen. Dancer had been the backstage doorman at Hollywood's infamous Whisky A-Go-Go during the peak of the 1980's punk rock scene and I had been fortunate enough, for whatever ungodly reason, to befriend him early on in that decade. And while I am still a bit unclear, now some 30 years later, as to how or why this ever happened, it was a relationship that would certainly have a big impact on my life through that decade and beyond.

Dancer had seemingly disappeared. He had recently landed a role in the latest Penelope Spheeris feature film "The Boys Next Door" featuring Charlie Sheen, way before he ever tasted tiger's blood, which was currently in production. He was having a strange torrid romance with former child star Tatum O'Neal whom he had successfully cock-blocked from me one night after I brought her home from a La Cienega art gallery opening for a little extra-curricular "Contra" activity. No telling for taste. And I still think she had other motives for jumping on Dancer, but that is a whole 'nother story. Perhaps one among literally hundreds...yet, I digress.

Besides being the regular doorman at the Whisky, Dancer, along with Carlos Guitarlos, primary axeman from

Hollywood's notorious, Top Jimmy and the Rhythm Figs, was also the regular doorman for the now infamous Zero Zero (later the Zero One) club. A completely illegal roaming, afterhours speakeasy that ran generally, from 2 a.m. to whenever the sun rose the next morning, every Friday and Saturday night at various and sundry seedy locations situated around the underbelly of Hollywood throughout the 1980's. The first incarnation of the Zero, that I recall was in a small ramshackle building located off the alley off the Sunset Strip directly behind the Whiskey, between Clarke Street and Hilldale Avenue. I vaguely remember my first night attending the Zero, which is not unusual, and needless to say, it was absolutely wild...from what I can recall.

The thing about the Zero was you never quite knew what or who you might encounter on any given night. And, unless you were firmly entrenched in the Hollywood underground intelligentsia you might not even be able to figure out where in the hell it had actually moved to on any given weekend evening. My two favorite incarnations of the Zero, and if memory serves, which it often doesn't these days — as there were nearly a dozen, were the 1959 N. Cahuenga Blvd. location, situated right next door to Janet Cunningham's home for wayward street punks and aspiring artists, the C.A.S.H. club (which stood for Contemporary Artist's Space of Hollywood...later the "s" stood for Services...and lead to many in the punk community getting involved in the whole movie scene...again a whole other story) and the 1689 Wilcox Ave. location at the corner of Hollywood Blvd. over the Playmates lingerie boutique.

The first of these locations is where I really dropped into the nightlife of the proverbial Hollywood underground

scene. The Zero was run by the lovable, and oft-times inebriated and befuddled, John Pochna. Pochna was a bit of a savant cum entrepreneurial genius, or just lucky, I guess. In that, what he originally created as a front to cover for illegal late night activity, actually created one of the best, underground, premiere art institutions. Featuring some of the best west and east coast, new, 1980's, so-called "low-brow", artists and photographers, whose work continuously graced the beer and sweat soaked walls of the establishment. We're talking serious art here folks, by the likes of then unknowns - Keith Herring, Gary Panter, Raymond Pettibon, Robert Williams, Mark Gash, B. Otis Link just to name a few that I remember. And amazing scene photographers such as Moshe "Hollywood" Brakha, punk documentarians, Gary Leonard and Ed Culver, Alison Dyer and of course there was John Scarpati.

I think I first met Scarpati at a Zero One New Years Eve benefit party in the mid-1980's held at Ray Manzarek's old sound stage at the corner of Beverly and La Brea. I recall bumping into him as the space was being set up for the evening and found John to be immediately likeable and engaging. I don't recall much else about that night except continually running back and forth between the over-packed sold out venue and my nearby mid-Wilshire basement apartment where I kept stuffing thick stacks of warm cash into my kitchen freezer and then racing back to the venue which eventually got raided by the L.A.P.D. who broke up the whole affair dispersing the reveling party-goers to points unknown.

Over the next several years I had the opportunity to work with Scarpati at his downtown studio location in "The Brewery", home to a number of notable L.A. artists and luminaries. Needless to say, our friendship grew as we

**CRAMP
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collaborated on a number of photo projects over the next several years that included a host of musical talent, many of which grace the pages of this nostalgic tome. Scarpati and I also had the good fortune of diving deeply into the underbelly of the Hollywood club scene together on many occasions as that scene continued to grow over the course of the 1980's and into, what would eventually become, the much touted "Rave" scene of the 1990's. Clubs like Pam Turbo's "Performance" held at the downtown Variety Arts Center, Matt Dike & John Sidel's popular Power Tools and underground roving venues such as the notorious 48 Crash, which often set up some seriously pumping dance floors in abandoned buildings throughout the downtown area.

The music and club scene during this entire time was nothing less than extraordinary. At that time I had recently departed as lead singer of SST's Overkill, one of the very first punk rock heavy metal crossover bands. I then began my stint as front man for SST's post-punk project SWA with Black Flag's Chuck Dukowski on bass, To Damascus' Sylvia Juncosa on guitar, and October Factions' Greg Cameron on drums. This was an incredibly wild time for me. Working door at various Hollywood and L.A. clubs, assisting on numerous photo shoots and within the newly expanding music video market, as well as playing around town and touring with SWA. This, combined with my alternate "sideline" activities, kept me extremely busy and out on the town on any given night prowling the Hollywood and greater Los Angeles scene. And that scene was literally blowing up.

Guns n' Roses and a host of other Power Pop / Heavy Metal bands too long to list were just beginning to hit the scene and could be seen at any number of smallish to mid-sized venues around town. The Red Hot Chili Peppers were also just becoming known

outside of the L.A. scene and it was a pleasure to be able to regularly attend some of their earliest shows. The line between punk and metal was beginning to blur in a way that allowed for greater creativity and interactions between what previously were very separate scenes. Then there was the birth of L.A. hip hop. First, production designer and Ex-Screamers drummer, KK Barrett opened "The Radio" which created a venue for artists such as Ice-T., Ice Cube and other L.A. hip-hop and rap luminaries to bring their voices into the mix. The melting pot of music and cuture was growing thick and flavorful within the seething matrix that was the 1980's music and club scene.

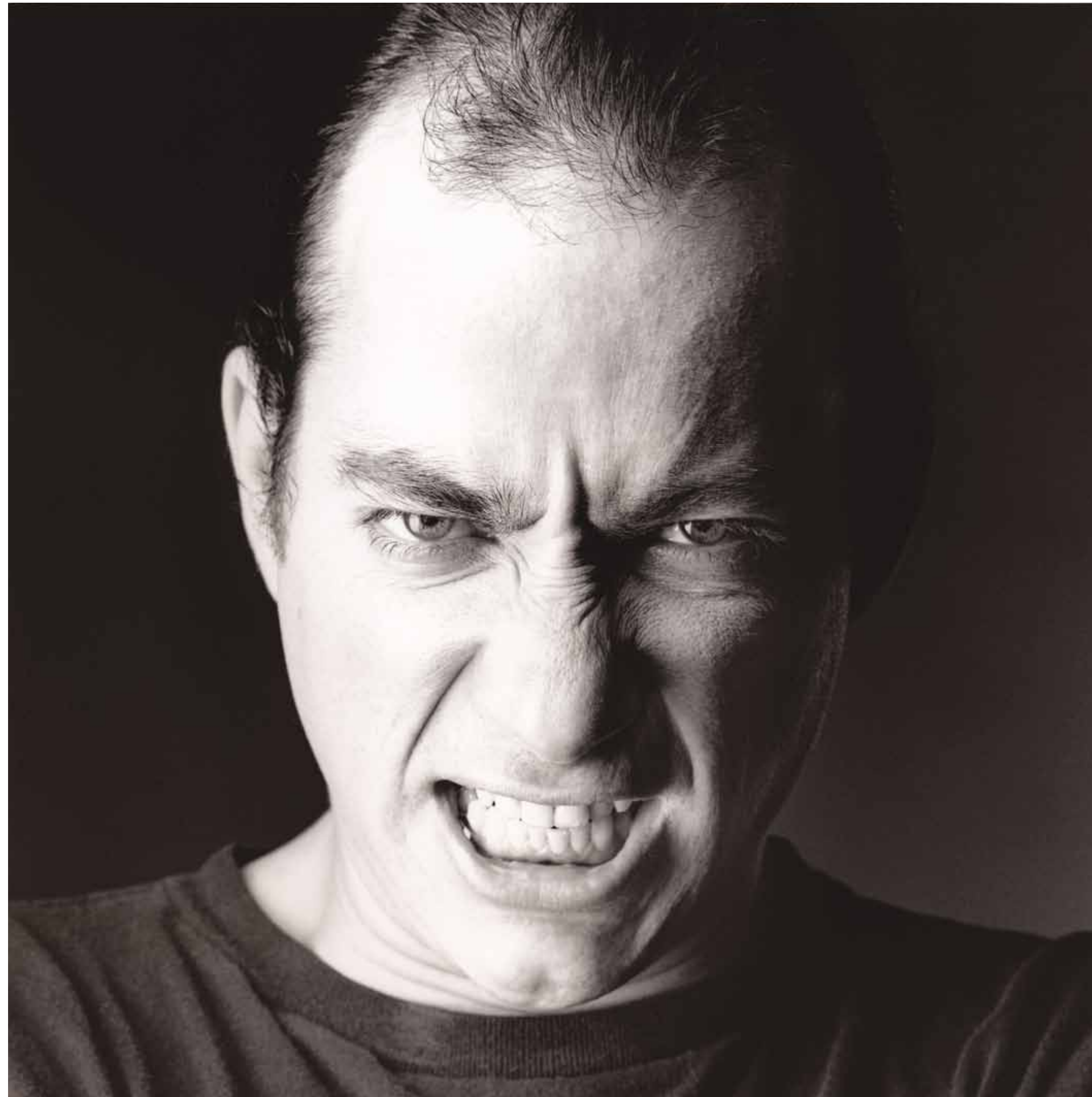
From my unique vantage point I literally had access to it ALL! Working the doors of some of these venues provided advantages in terms of access to almost any club or venue I might desire to make my way into. Both the music and film industries merged into the nightlife of the Hollywood scene. For example, on any given weekend evening at the Zero you could expect to see anyone from notorious punk legend El Duce from the Mentors to film stars such as Jack Nicholson and model Lauren Hutton, to NFL Raider's lineman Lyle Alzado, either whooping it up on the dance floor or hiding out in the backrooms of the dark and seamy environment. On and on, night after drug and alcohol induced night, the escapades continued into a dizzying blur of over indulgent debauch. Glorious Dionysian...unfathomable and unforgettable. And this, for nearly a decade, was my world. Unbelievable!

My God...I could go on and on, and likely would, if Scarpati didn't need me to finish up this little tale of mine. So I'll just end with this... I have never considered myself a "writer". However, I do consider myself fortunate to have been a witness to this time. I do not regret my excesses over those years and feel very

grateful to have survived such an adventure that many other dear friends did not. To all those who I had, or continue to have, known from this cherished time in my life, I thank you. Thank you, for being everything that you are in the fullness of this Great Becoming. It just wouldn't be the same without you.

And a special thanks to my long time friend, John Scarpati, for putting this all together. We have been through much, my brother, and I am extremely grateful for the creative brilliance that you are and what you continue to bring forward in the world.

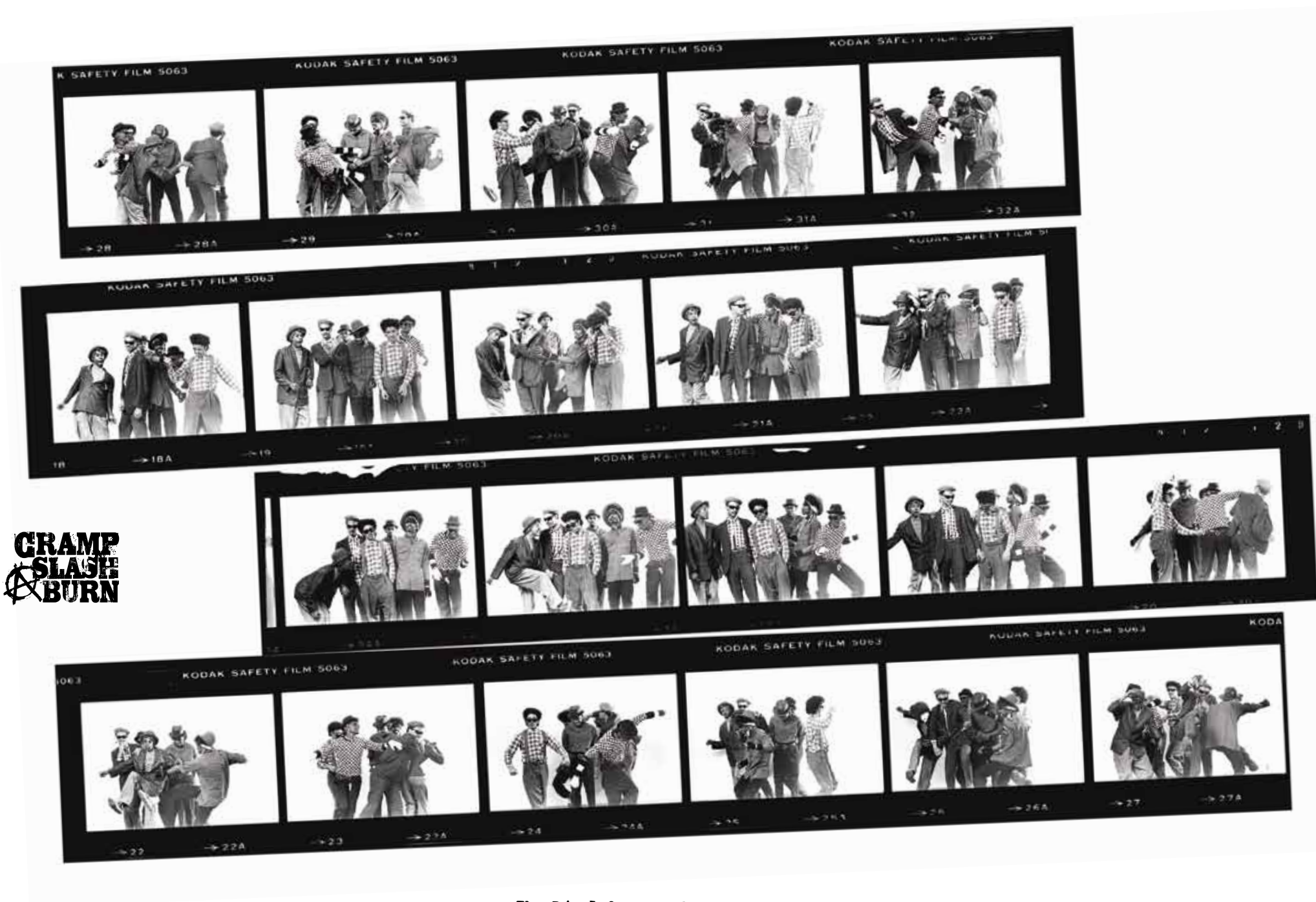
Merrill Ward



Merrill Ward — SWA Frontman, Doorman, Actor.



Circle Jerks — Zander, Keith Clark, Keith Morris, Greg Hetson



The LA club scene back in that time, the early 80's, shit, that was the scene. You blend with so many different kinds of acts. It was just a community thing at that point. The Last of the Bizarre Flower Children as I would call it.

You had some cats doing some hardcore shit. Go up there and do some crazy ass show, you know, what the fuck?!? You'd be able to blend with them, chill with them, and party with them, and do your thing. everybody knew everybody. Everybody wanted to play with everybody, or not play with everybody, for a reason. That was great. Great competition.

We'd have bands like Psycom. It was early Jane's Addiction but they weren't "Jane's Addiction", it was Psycom. And that was some crazy, artsy shit there. And you'd see that morph into what Jane's Addiction is.

Or the Red Hot Chili Peppers... when they came up with their crazy bizarre shit. So we had to get to them cats. You'd hear a story, like "the Chili Peppers came up in there and just fucked shit up!" We'd go to see them and they would just wear a crowd out... just like that! We go, "What the fuck! These cats are bad as hell!"

Then we're all like "there are some visuals n' shit that need to happen." It was just like that, the whole time. Didn't matter who I was with: the Chili Peppers, the Blasters, X, the Busboys. Doesn't matter. You could just run down the line of people who came out of LA.



Our first pro photo shoot was with Brotha Scarpati, It was Fun, Dangerous, and Cool as Hell!! When you look at Fishbone Pix by John Scarpati, you see the Fun photo, or Funny photo, but always a Classic as John is the shit!!

Word is Bond!!

Dirty Walt, Fishbone



Redd Kross — Tripp Holland, Steven McDonald, Robert Hecker, Jeff McDonald



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Although not designed as such, this shot would eventually become the Elektra album cover shot, and really was the definitive Unforgiven image from the first lineup and year of the band's history. As a musician, I came out of the original '77 LA punk rock movement, but I grew up in the film business — my dad was an actor — and movies were my first love. In fact, Mike Finn, who played bass in the first two lineups, and I met in a film history class, and the two of us initially brainstormed the Unforgiven idea together.

Although we were pretty obsessed with not looking cheesy (and yes, I realize cheesiness is in the mind of the beholder), and there was a conscious melding of authentic clothing with iconic rock n roll gear. If memory serves the photo shoot was done at an old west town near Santa Barbara somewhere.

The shoot took all of 10 minutes as I remember it, and I think we were very interested in getting it done and getting the hell out of there before anyone came along asking us what the hell we thought we were doing. Our manager, Mike Minky, in his old Ford Fairlane, or whatever the hell it was, would peel out behind us and clear frame in order to create the dust effect, every time we started the walk towards Scarpati's lens. But then the dust would sort of overtake us, and the shot would eventually be blown, so we'd go back to one: Minky would position his planet killer behind us, Scarpati'd say: "go", Minky'd peel out again, and we'd charge with great purpose and stern faces once more towards the camera. Obviously our main sources of inspiration were the Spaghetti Westerns, not only in look, but in sound. From those films we pirated the long coats, but only one of us, Mike "Just" Jones, actually wore a duster. The rest of us wore overcoats and frock coats and military gear found at flea markets in Europe. There was a time on Melrose when you could go into many of those hipster shops and see a rack of long coats and dusters adorned with a sign that read: "Unforgiven Coats." And indeed that look was really the thing that lasted long after the band was dead...

The spurs are cool, and very real with me, actually. I've been riding horses since before I could walk, have always owned horses, still do, and even did a stint touring for a few years as an armored joustier after ending the Unforgiven.

FYI, knights get even more chicks than musicians...just sayin'.

Steve "John Henry" Jones





Yeah,
we wore a little makeup.
So what?
Chris Reece



Social Distortion — John Maurer, Mike Ness, Chris Reece, Dennis Danell



Contrary to popular belief that
Aqua Net is always a necessary element
to achieving big hair —

my hair had a natural propensity
to grow upward, more so than down.

Steven Sweet



Steven Sweet — Warrant & Plain Jane

John Scarpati's rock and roll photos are iconic, plain and simple. I always thought of him as the L.A. music scene's answer to George Hurrell.



In an era when most photographers shot bands live, Scarpati's studio work was sublime. He created portraits that not only captured the core essence of his subjects, but were also serious works of art. He had an eye for detail, incredible lighting skills and a knack for presenting his subjects elegantly. Through his lens, their raw, trashy excess and vulgar beauty became noble.

In the 1980's, I remember thinking that to have John Scarpati take your picture meant you'd arrived as an artist. His shots of The Cramps and Social Distortion were just stunning. The way he captured Lux Interior rockin' a tilted back preacher's hat, looking like a cross between a young Johnny Cash and an Old West snake-

oil salesman is timeless. It could've been snapped in any of five decades, it's a classic.

Along with doing photo sessions for my label-mates TSOL and Poison, Enigma Records scheduled Scarpati to shoot the "Fiesta" album cover for my band, The Screamin' Sirens. We did it in 1984 at the notorious Hollywood music-biz dive The Soundcheck, where most of us were working as cocktail waitresses. Manager Ba Ba (Barbara Bidrowski) not only welcomed the photo shoot invading the place, but all those bottles weren't just props: the booze flowed so freely, I seriously doubt if ANY of us remember that evening clearly!

I somehow do remember one of many wrecked nights I spent in Amsterdam, stumbling down a narrow hotel hallway and walking right into a giant black and white poster of Texacala Jones of Tex and the Horseheads. It was strangely surreal to see a huge poster of a close friend and label-mate in a European hallway to begin with, and the image was absolutely gorgeous. Even in my bleary hashish high, I stared intently at the poster for ages trying to see if there was a photo credit. After like, fifteen minutes of drinking in Tex's insane Blade Runner-esque eye make-up, ripped fishnets, teased and piled on jewelry, I found the credit: John Scarpati. I made a muddled mental note to ask my record company if I could do a solo photo session with him when I returned home... but alas, I never had that pleasure.

Back in the day, whenever I saw one of John's pictures, I always felt complete and total "band photo envy"... now, I'm just so happy they exist, and that future generations will have a chance to feast their eyes on a unique moment in time, kept alive by Scarpati's beautiful visions.

Pleasant Gehman



Screamin' Sirens — Marsky Reins, Diane "Boom-Boom" Dixon, Pleasant Gehman, Rosie "Rosita" Flores



Warrant, *Cherry Pie*



"But John, I'm not dressed for this"

John revved his engine. He was not taking no for an answer.

I was making excuses and stalling.

I had spent over an hour getting ready, crimping and teasing my long red hair, spraying it stiff in a cloud of Aquanet. I had perfectly lined my charcoaled eyes, and my false eyelashes were glued in place. To top it off I was wearing a bright green mini dress and tie-dyed stockings. I was afraid of ruining my look, but most of all I had never ridden on a motorcycle before and I was not sure that I wanted to.

John looked at me with a cross between a smile and a smirk, as if he was amused that this wild chick in a rock band was afraid to go for a little motorcycle ride. "Come on, you'll like it" he said, his eyes daring me to get on the bike.

The lure of a cute bad boy in a leather jacket was too much to resist. I teetered over in my six-inch stilettos and climbed on. I wish I could tell you that my first ride was an exhilarating experience but I whined and complained the whole time as I hung on tightly, burying my face in John's back. I was sure that I would fall off as we took the corners and sped up and down the hills of Highland Park. Anyone who saw our wild ride would have thought John was a member of one of the bands he photographed, his long brown hair flying in the wind.

I first met John when he was hired to shoot the album cover for the band I was in. The Pandoras had notoriously split into two with Paula Pierce and her new band, versus Gwynne Kelly, Casey Gomez, Lisa Black and me. We fought publicly over the name, bad mouthed each other to the press and Gwynne had even challenged Paula to wrestle in a vat of green Jell-O over the rights to the name. Both versions of the Pandoras were playing gigs around town, and we were both racing to be the first one out with a record.

Our band had just released "Worm Boy" on the Enigma Variations compilation and had just finished recording songs for our E.P. We planned on having an incense scented album cover and wanted John to capture our colorful, chaotic "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls" spirit.

Everything in John's studio was painted black, from the floors to the ceiling. It provided the perfect contrast to our colorful band. We used balloons, feathers, glitter sequins, stuffed animals and threw everything on the floor. Lisa was holding her pink paisley Telecaster and I was holding a 12 string Rickenbacker. We even threw another Scarpati album cover in the photo, the CH3 cover for "Last Time I Drank". John later told me that was the only band he ever had to shoot through plexiglass, just to protect his camera from all the beer they were spraying.

Most of our band was tired of the cat fighting between the two Pandoras. Our album was ready to come out and our record company wanted us to change the name of the band. Many disagreements later, we somehow morphed into a glam rock band called Feline with Debbie Diamond on vocals and sadly, our original album was never released.

As Feline, we wasted no time writing new songs, and recording them. We completely embraced the Sunset Strip big hair glam metal scene. We dressed like Poison, (or maybe they dressed like us), so much so that one time my mother came into my room and thought Rikki Rockett was me.

Our next shoot with Scarpati had a much sexier bad girl feel to it. John had recently shot Poison, who were also on our label. I remembered tips Bret Michaels had given me on posing for the camera, "if you blow through your lips they'll look pouty".

I don't think we were an easy band to photograph, because we had a habit of moving around a lot. I felt like John was wrangling us as he took our pictures, trying to herd us into one

frame. We were either reaching for a drink, messing with our hair, or flashing him.

One of the photos from that session ended up in a Men's magazine called Chic. The caption read "Feline: vertical smiles from these Cheshire cats."

Meow Mixer: Next time you're tomcatting around and hankerin' for pussy, check out Feline, the hottest all-girl group to hit Hollywood since the Runaways. These sex kittens bump and grind their rock n roll raw and hard-and don't mind baring it all for their audience. "Mary Mary, the bass player used to be a topless dancer", claims photographer John Scarpati and lead vocalist Debbie Diamond sings onstage in nothing but her underwear". Here, kitty kitty... — Chic Magazine, 1985

John moved to a huge loft in downtown L.A. in a building that was once a brewery. He had a giant nude photo of his girlfriend on the wall and I remember commenting on how brave she was to be so naked in such a larger than life photo and he said "She's wearing a blue wig so no one will know it's her". He also had a large Nile monitor, which was at least four feet long, and roamed freely in his loft. A pet store gave it to him for free, because it was far too mean to sell, so John thought it would make a great pet. I remember drunkenly cornering that hissing lizard despite being warned not to and getting painfully whipped by its tail.

I loved hanging out and talking to John, he seemed like a kindred crazy spirit. I would randomly call him up and invite myself over to just hang out and talk. I went to a party one night and told my friend about this cool guy I knew who lived in a loft downtown. After the party, sometime after midnight, I just called him up and said, "can we come over?" John acted like he was used to having people drop in at one o'clock in the morning, happily entertaining us until the sun came up.

Bambi Conway — The Pandoras



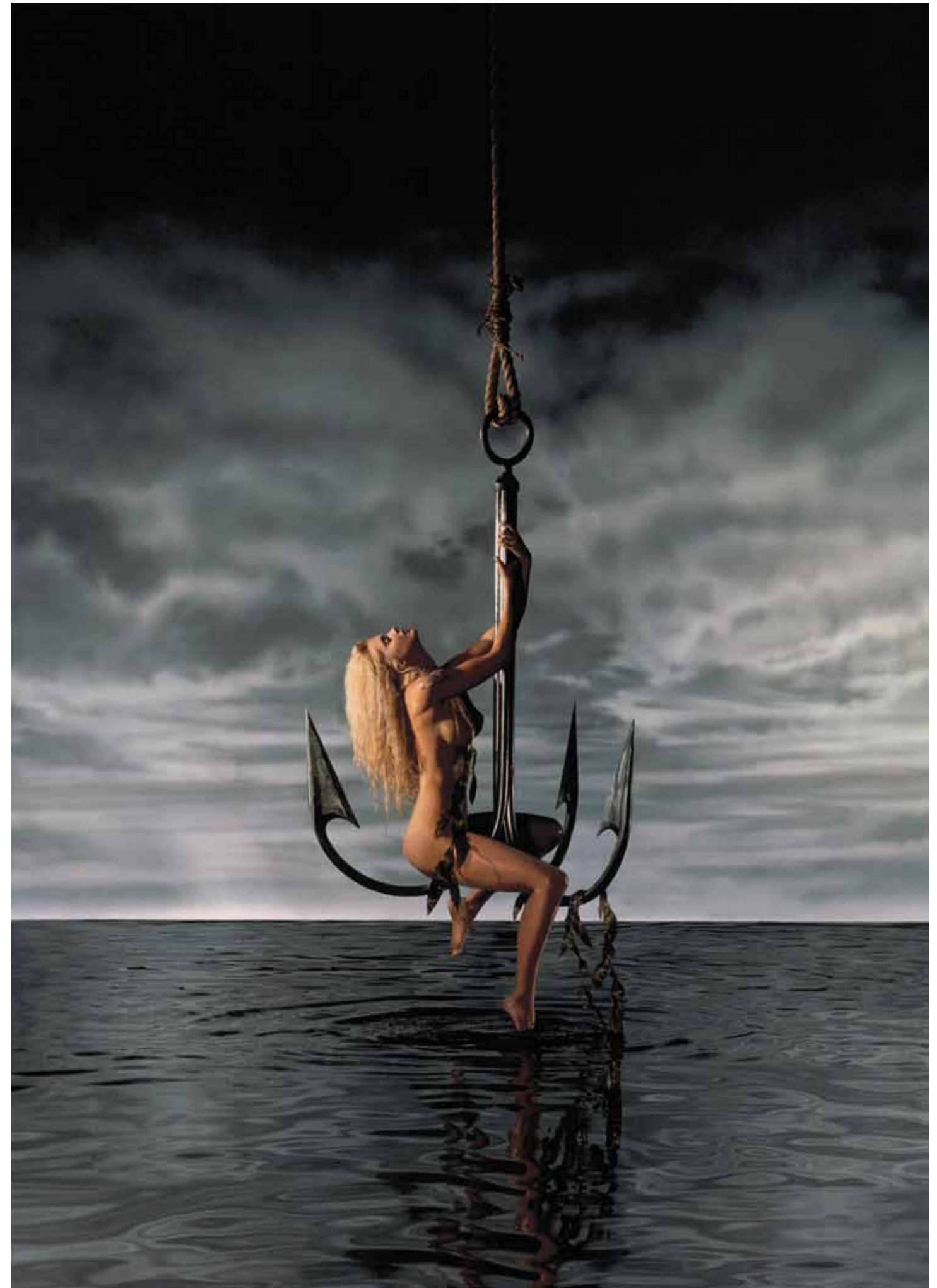
The Pandoras — Casey Gomez, Bambi Conway, Gwynne Kahn, Lisa Rae Black



The Pandoras



Great White, *Hooked*



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Mike Ness — Social Distortion



What I did on
my 80s Vacation.



The hissing viper – early 1980s Los Angeles – was still thrashing, kicking, and rebelling for no particular reason. Perhaps against the taming of today's major cities, the white washing, safe makings and gentrifications of what it has now become. Like a junkies struggle to escape a jailhouse kick. Under it all, behind the snarling face of this city, for the adventurous wandering souls, LA had a magical power, like a genie from a dumpster. It was still Los Angeles then, there was still a heartbeat, diseased, strong and spitting in your face. I was a T-Shirt, Art, and Merch whore for any subculture band, label, or promoter that would tolerate my being. Through a chemical and alcohol haze I somehow was able, without effort, to keep a work ethic intact: I was dependable.

"In the land of the blind, the one eyed man is king" - Tom Waits.

Too busy, blind, or bored with chemical addiction, I was strung out on stimulation, art and creating. Stimulation was my vice; always assumed I was alone this way growing up, insane maybe? Cursed to the day by overloads of creative thoughts from nowhere, missing my exits, wandering in my head alone, the mental roller coaster side of art and creation that most would choose not to have. Being a banker, an attorney or a union man, anything more stable, I tried, I was too cool, bored, and too unstable for school.

Do not ask for permission, ask for forgiveness. I got what I needed to perform, I want to make shit... NOW! Without that fix the world spins hopelessly out of control for some. I would soon discover that I was not alone, I would meet my parallel, a friend, a partner in art inspired crime and adventure.

Early eighties... I was at a meeting, hustling art and t-shirt work, pretending to be professional at Enigma records, on the other side of an office cubicle sat John Scarpati in a similar meeting hustling photo work, we overheard each other and started talking around the cubicle. In a matter of days we had connected, like pouring gas on a fire, my life changed forever in a positive and enlightening way. John had a studio he occupied from a series of old apartments he connected above some old vacant retail stores in a gang ridden hood of Highland Park, soon to move into Downtown Los Angeles' now established Brewery building, he was one of the first there. I had my print and art studio in Long Beach. We both catered to the music industry by default, we both worked almost exclusively with the artists, our friends. Our works force fed from there into the industry folks above that I felt so disconnected from.

The antics of the 80s punk, metal and glam era were our back drop, ingrained in both studios, the performers and artists of the time were our shop mates, green at the time, but many soon to become stars. Our dysfunctional little family; so comforting to me. We worked with many of the same bands, artists and labels over the years, but that was the work. My memories, very fond ones, are the personal adventures that I had with John, and anyone we could talk into coming along. John was like me, another stimulation addict. In the wee hours of darkness, prowling the crime ridden underbelly of Los Angeles, kicking in doors of abandoned and forgotten buildings looking for props, art materials and whatever else we stumbled upon. Menacing city buses with prop AKs, photo shoots, art, models, punk rock, rock and roll, work, party, work. The self promoted exhibits, and shows, the Eye Grind events, the fun and the newness of it all was overpowering.

There are many, but one of my favorite Scarpati adventures...

John called my studio one night upon discovering an underground dirt tunnel in east Los Angeles that needed investigation. I loaded my car with a few willing pals, the Montgomery Brothers, Chuck (Biscuits), Bob and Dad Ken, we set out, from Long Beach. Upon arrival some waited outside, afraid of the tunnel, filled with rats and squeaking vermin. I think it was a ventilation tunnel for the smoke stack at the long abandoned Edison plant, now a trendy downtown loft building. In the darkness, urban miners in the night, armed with tools and little lights, hunched over and sometimes crawling, we followed the tunnel for what seemed to be blocks, miles? Maybe a few feet? Eventually we saw a light at the end, yes a light at the end of the tunnel.

A single light bulb hung in a small old room, like entering a surreal scene in a David Lynch movie, at the end of this dismal tunnel. We were underground. There was a jammed door on the other wall of the room that we eventually got around. On the other side we found fresh construction, a new, freshly installed wall blocking our way.

I was defeated, ready to venture back but John was determined to move forward. A sudden kick and a crash, a portion of the wall came down. I was sure we would be crashing into some employee staffed office with screaming workers as giant filthy humanoid termites invaded, pillaging the paper clips and ball points. Not the case. We shined a light into the darkness, a giant room, modern, but hidden underground, filled with tempting shining delights for our taking, we were amazed and for some reason horrified to remove the contents, someone like us had been here first, an honor among thieves?

We left it alone and went home. Later discovering the owners were like us. I will not reveal the contents, you will have to ask. A mere moment in my time with John.

Meanwhile above ground we collaborated on many levels, pioneering the now norm guerrilla style art events of downtown Los Angeles, the Eye Grind art shows of the mid eighties, art, fashion, music, we did it all with similar adventures filling our free time in between. Our friends, our lives and images will live on.

Thank You my dear friend, Mr. John Scarpati, for inspiring me, for our adventures, and for documenting the essence of our times and friends forever. Life is good, Life is bumpy, Life is interesting until the last breath. More to come!

Bad Otis Link —
Artist, Filmmaker, Horn Honker, Wanderer





Blowfly — The Original X-Rated Rapper



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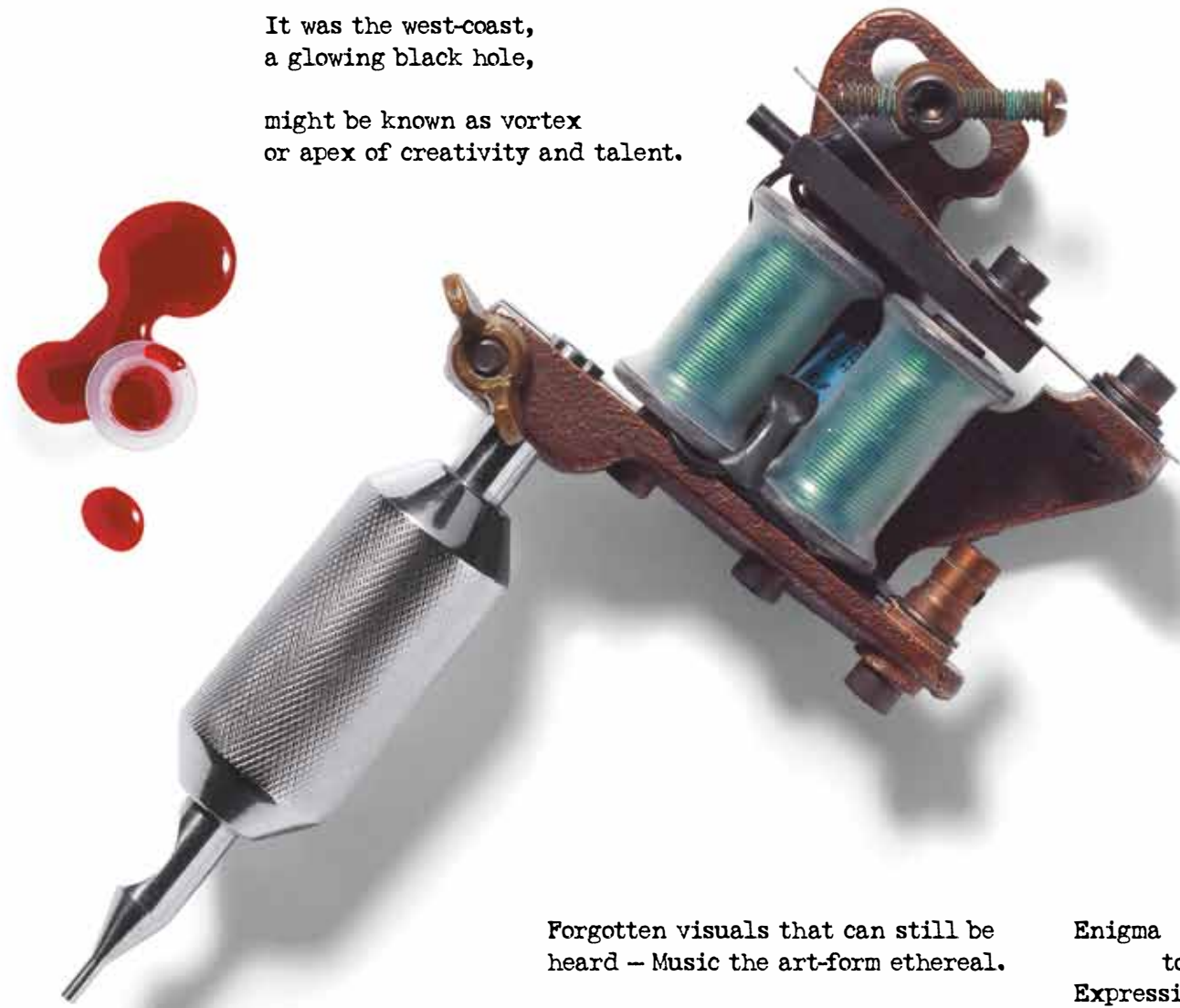
Color note a line or tone,

Sound fades to form — Poke and moan.

Feelings find dimension in a fleshy
accounting of the past and present.

It was the west-coast,
a glowing black hole,

might be known as vortex
or apex of creativity and talent.



Forgotten visuals that can still be
heard — Music the art-form ethereal.

Transient

Like effortless laughter
on windy lines of moments
rendered so clearly but
fading fast.

Impossible to capture,
flatten and frame.

Super heated seconds — fleeting
feelings of rhythmic passion that
perforates the spirit

Enigma

to capture this in the visual
Expression.

Immersion in the ritual of self —
Sculpt my soul from the outside in.

Hammer the beat into flesh with
bloody pigmented needle.

Pierced in steel — ambient moments
of experience.

Spinning through the perpetual
motion sculpture garden of life

Borneo Joe



Joe Hurby, a.k.a. "Borneo Joe" — Artist & Body Modification



The Bangles — Debbi Peterson, Vicki Peterson, Susanna Hoffs, Michael Steele



CH3 — Kimm Gardener, Jay Lansford, Mike Magrann



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We had done a session with John in the lobby of the Villa Carlotta apartments on Franklin Avenue in September of '88, much to the annoyance of the tenants. I recall our later visit to his downtown L.A. studio on the afternoon of November 12, 1988 to shoot a portrait of the band. We emerged with a great picture, perfectly capturing us the way we looked during our first year in Los Angeles. We would move to NYC two months later where the band would change its look dramatically. This photo is just a gritty image of Los Angeles in the late 80's.

I remember talking on his sofa a bit, and him telling us not to worry about the big bulge in the back cushion. Later, we saw the big 'bulge' walking across the studio floor... a komodo dragon, or Gila monster, or something. I really didn't want to know!! But the picture remains a defining image of our band.

Great work.

John Schubert



Electric Angel — John Schubert, Ryan Roxie, Shane, Jonathan Daniel



The Scream — John Corabi, Bruce Bouillet, John Alderete, Walt Woodward III



**CRAMP
& SLASH
& BURN**



I was in high school and remember seeing some of Scarpati's work in an issue of Modern Photographer that my Dad had lying around. I was immediately drawn in by his artistic, slightly left-of-center approach to subject matter and composition – the guy was my kind of freaky!

Flash forward a few years to my first professional photo shoot with the band Plain Jane. By some miracle of fate we were shooting with Scarpati, no record deal, no management, just a mutual friend in the business doing a good deed. I was floored and honored to be working with this guy whose work I had seen in magazines and on record covers. Steve Perry's "Street Talk" cover was taken in John's loft, the very loft we were about to shoot in. Over the years with Warrant shooting with John became a regular event, one we all looked forward to, because he always seemed to be able to capture that extra edge.

Steven Sweet — Warrant,
on shooting with Scarpati





On TSOL:

"One day, TSOL swung by the (Enigma) offices and dropped off the masters on one of their albums and said,

'You should get this out as quickly as possible cause we're leaving on our tour to promote it.'

"When?" we asked.

"Now. Bye." And off they drove.

Wesley Hein —
President & Cofounder, Enigma Records



TSOL — Mitch Dean, Mike Roche, Joe Wood, Ron Emory



for English Eccentrics on Melrose Aveue

**CRAMP
SLASH
BURN**



Redd Kross — Jeff McDonald , Steven McDonald, Robert Hecker, Roy McDonald



Fishbone — Angelo Moore, John Norwood Fisher, Walter A. Kibby II, Kendall Jones, Chris Dowd, Philip "Fish" Fisher

An Apex Experience

Scarpati was first brought to my attention by Fishbone's first manager, Roger Perry. I had seen his artwork before, but I had no clue as to who had taken those iconic, raw, rock photos, until Fishbone was about to encounter him personally.

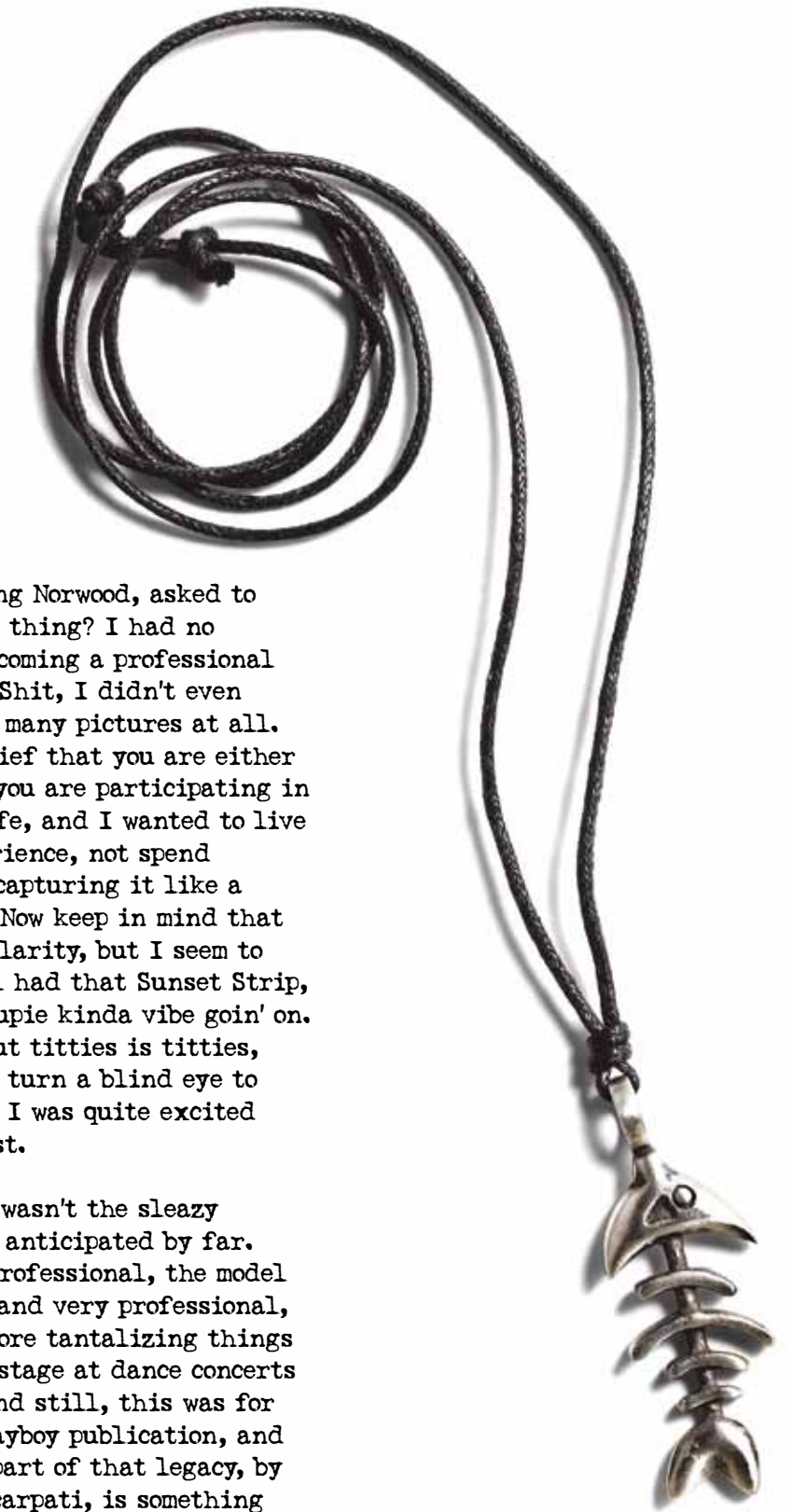
The chemical combination of Scarpati and Fishbone was quite explosive. It seems that every encounter was a successful artistic endeavor, yielding pieces that would define our existence as a band and put deep notches in Scarpati's creative belt.

With all of this magic expressing itself through our mutual admiration and growing friendship, one thing that I can proudly say that I experienced through my acquaintance with Scarpati was the time he asked me to be his assistant on a Playboy magazine shoot. I actually think we did this on two separate occasions, but the fog is rather thick in the old memory banks, and I could be collapsing events, as my full recollection is quite impaired.

Imagine a young Norwood, asked to help on such a thing? I had no interest in becoming a professional photographer. Shit, I didn't even bother to take many pictures at all. I held the belief that you are either observing, or you are participating in the game of life, and I wanted to live the full experience, not spend precious time capturing it like a caged animal. Now keep in mind that I can't claim clarity, but I seem to think the girl had that Sunset Strip, hair band groupie kinda vibe goin' on. Not my type, but titties is titties, and I'll never turn a blind eye to one, or a pair! I was quite excited to say the least.

All in all, it wasn't the sleazy experience I'd anticipated by far. Scarpati was professional, the model was very nice and very professional, and I'd seen more tantalizing things standing backstage at dance concerts at UCLA. Yet and still, this was for the mighty Playboy publication, and to be a small part of that legacy, by way of John Scarpati, is something I will forever be grateful for.

John Norwood Fisher



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Back in '82, there seemed no chance in hell there would be a 45 Grave in 2012 (yet there is). Then, Dinah was married to Paul Cutler, 45 Grave's co-founder/guitarist. Ex-Germ, future Celeb Skin/Fancy Space Person Don Bolles was the drummer; he'd been Dinah's boyfriend shortly before she married Paul. The bassist was Rob Graves, a musician's musician, a prince, and like most of the rest of this band, a guy with a bit of a drug habit. Rob returned home to Detroit end of summer '82 to clean up, leaving the popular 45 Grave scrounging for a bassist. They were hands down my favorite band. Their music was the most eclectic, blistering, and arrogant I'd ever heard — I became a fan boy, going to most every show. When Rob left, I told Cutler I wanted the gig and would tattoo an upside-down cross on my forehead, whatever it took.

signed a deal with Enigma (Paul and I negotiated it), and it seemed like we were off and running.

Towards the end of my run, we played a two-night stand at Off Broadway in San Francisco, with Redd Kross supporting. Paul Roessler had joined on keys by now. Our manager, Rick Van Santen, years younger than us and prone to annoyance, was along. Mary, Paul and I were in a Toyota, everyone else was in Don's van with the gear. We stayed two nights in what must have been a nice hotel back in the '40s. We drove the hotel manager crazy, and even though it was only us, Rick, a roadie, and no hangers on, we managed to get complaints from the other guests pretty much non-stop. Rick was having fun locking me out of my room and

loading the van, checking out, the inconvenience of reality. I was fed up with it and began loading the van myself, in the rain, just to get it done. Everyone was yelling. Rick couldn't locate his shoes. I just about had the van loaded and felt no need to speak to anyone. Paul pulled the car around, I grabbed my bass and bag, hopped in and we headed back to L.A.

I was relieved to be rid of the rest of the band, and the three of us relaxed, enjoying a nice drive. We rolled into Paul and Mary's driveway around 7:30 in the evening. I'd left my car there, and as I reached in my pocket for my keys I found something extra. Yep, it was the keys to Don's van which I had loaded. I guess as we pulled away, we didn't notice them frantically running down the street behind us, waving their arms and screaming as loud as they could, Rick still barefoot in the rain. Yeah, we'd hit the stereo pretty hard as we took off. Thinking back, I only remember not being that sorry and can still hear Paul laughing about it. I don't remember how we got the keys to them, FedEx or something, but that was pretty much when my welcome mat receded once and for all. Rob returned to his position two weeks later and they recorded their first album, carrying on for a year or so more.

Bruce Duff — 45 Grave

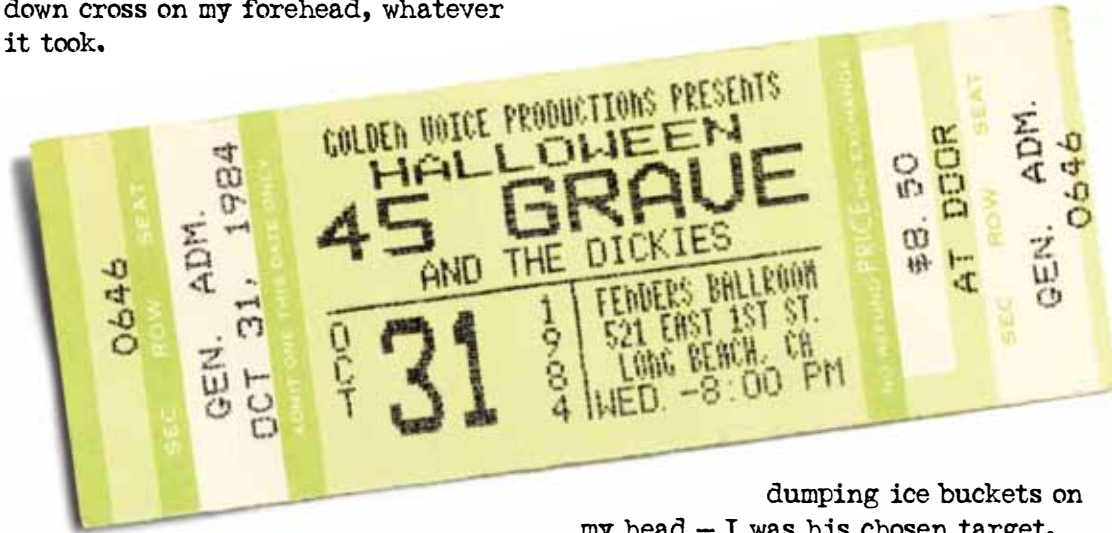
He laughed, but the next day Don called and told me to learn the six released recordings and be at rehearsal to audition.

I got the gig, but was never truly one of the Grave. I was not OG punk, didn't look like them, still had my Led Zep curls (which they hated) and my glasses (ditto). They loved my bass playing, though, and that got me by for six months. Lotta gigs, cut an EP,

dumping ice buckets on my head — I was his chosen target. The shows went well and we stayed up all night talking shit, drinking/smoking. I roomed with Don because no one else would, yet Cutler hung in our room all night. The roadie was shooting speed, but the drugs were running out and the rest of the band was getting bitchy, except for Roessler; he and I only smoked pot.

Sunday morning after the second show, tensions were running high — everyone was arguing, mostly about

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Dinah Cancer — 45 Grave

Dramarama, Vinyl





I was a huge Journey/Steve Perry fan back in the day, and John had just shot the cover for Street Talk. I remember being all excited to be in his home studio standing in the exact location where Steve Perry was on the album cover in the hallway under that light. Someone snapped a photo of us standing there talking about it. For me, those were magical days. I hated wearing those spandex outfits. It was embarrassing and humiliating. But things took off and we suddenly had a hit record (Soldiers Under Command) which John shot the cover for. Those spandex outfits were only worn for a short period of time, but they are what we will forever be remembered for.

Anyhow, thanks for the memories!!

Tim Gaines



Stryper — Robert Sweet, Michael Sweet, Tim Gaines, Oz Fox



Michael Monroe — Hanoi Rocks

I was working for Metal Blade when Mercury Records hired us to do some marketing for some of their projects. When the word trickled down to me that we would be working the Michael Monroe solo record, I couldn't help but become ecstatic. Hanoi Rocks was one of those bands that influenced a ton of bands but sold hardly any records in America. The untimely death of their drummer Razzle in a car accident in 1984 didn't help the situation. They were never the same after that.



When I saw the cover of the album and how spectacular it was, I should have known who shot it.

It had Scarpati written all over it...

Steev Riccardi

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& BURN**



After hitting the rivet machine all day with eight others in unison, the slam of the giant clicker press would put your head in turmoil.

At the end of the day it was off to the Cathay De Grande to unwind.

Hardcore/ Nardcore was the offering, soothing to the mind, letting out all aggression.

Candace D'Andrea

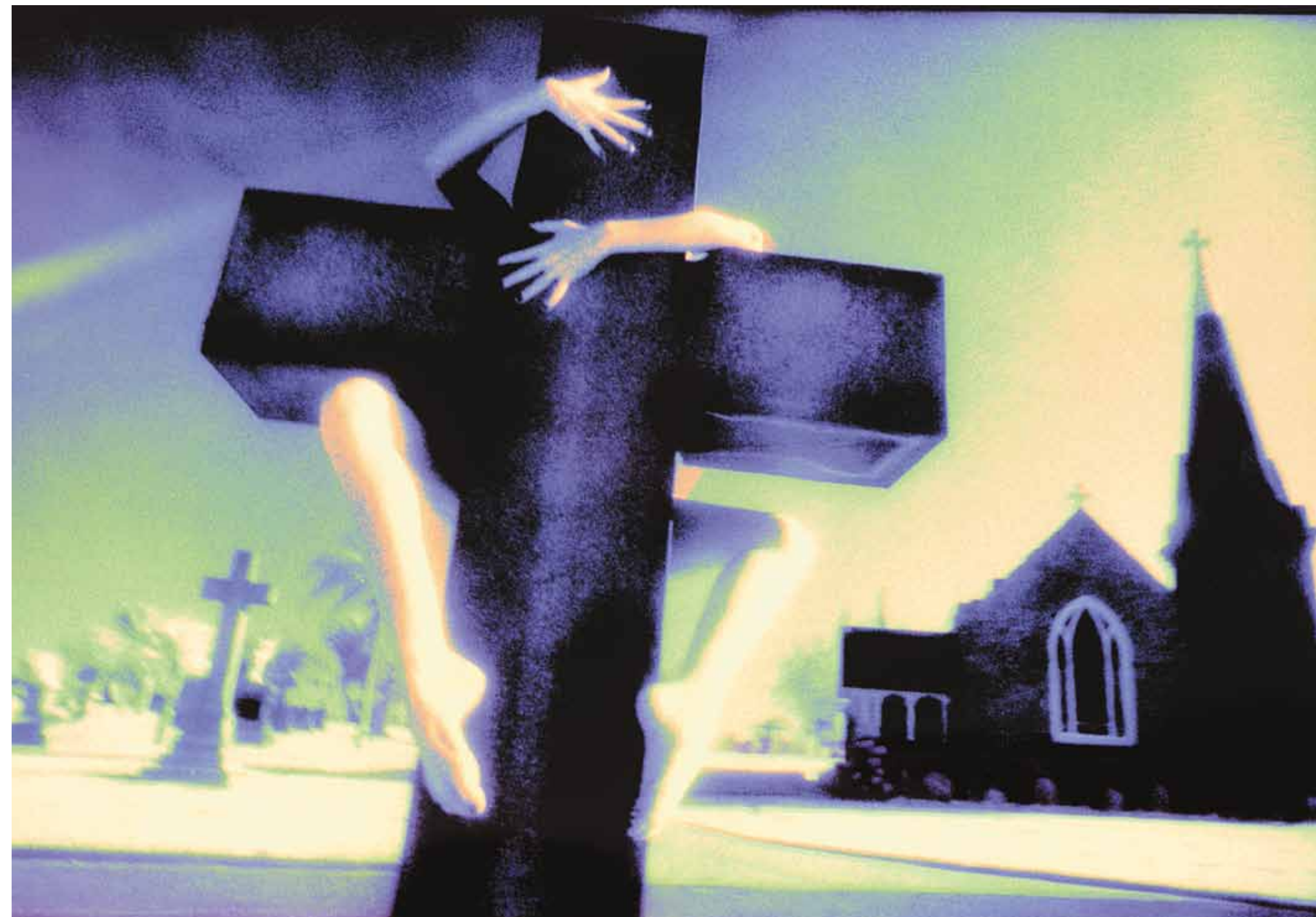


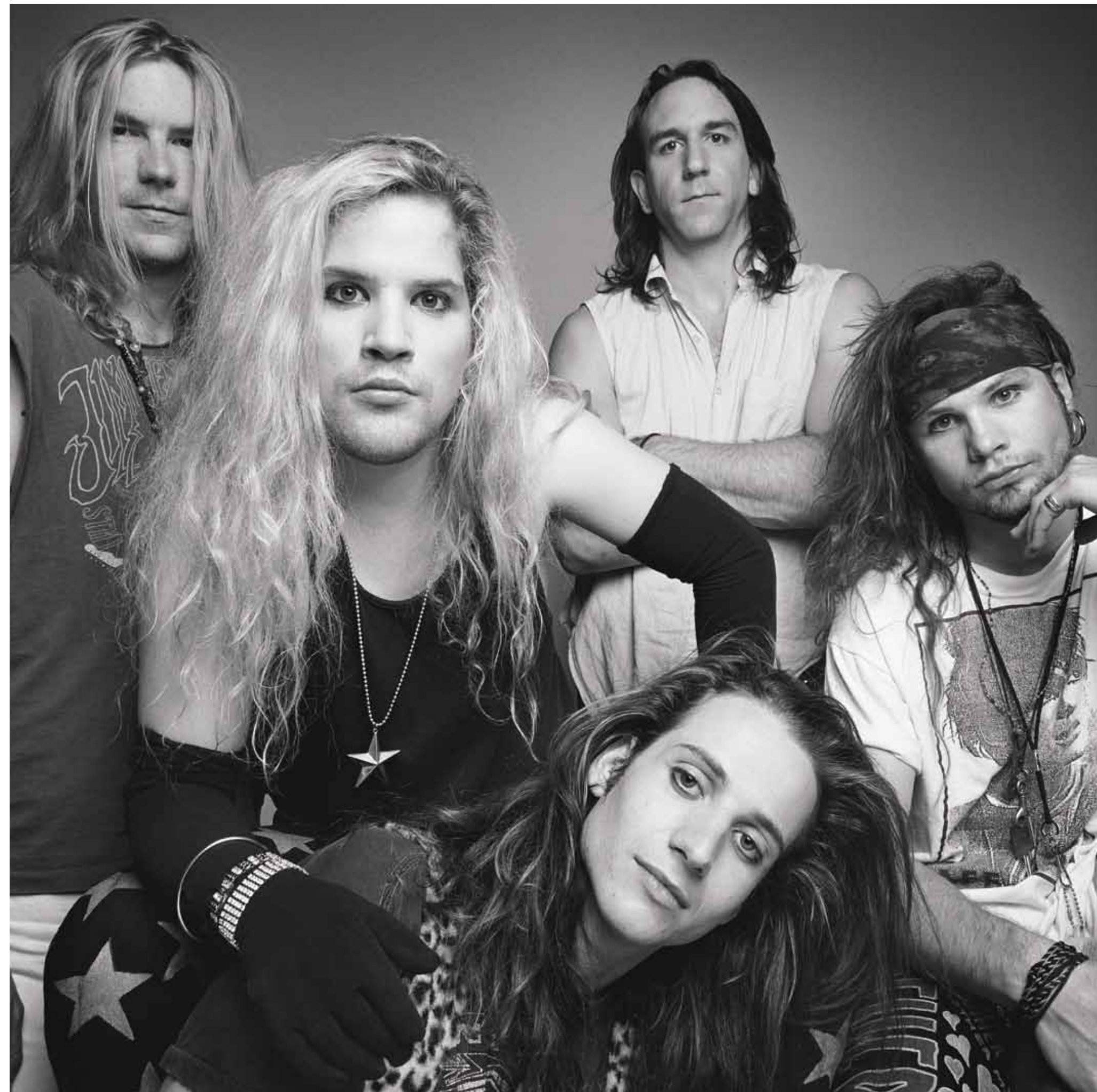
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Kelly Nickels —L.A. Guns

Easter, *Easter*





Mother Love Bone — Bruce Fairweather, Andrew Wood, Stone Gossard, Greg Gilmore, Jeff Ament



The Enigma Variations LP

Side A				
1	Screamin' Sirens	Maniac	Produced by Brian Ahern, Greg Humphrey, Michael Reid	2:38
2	The Jet Black Berries	Shadowdrive	Produced by Gary Trainer, Kevin Patrick	4:41
3	Naked Prey	Flesh On The Wall	Produced by Dan Stuart	2:34
4	Tex And The Horseheads*	Oh Mother	Produced by Steve Sinclair	2:55
5	Greg Sage	Straight Ahead	Produced by Greg Sage	4:10
6	Chris D. / Divine Horsemen	Time Stands Still	Produced by Chris D.	4:08
7	John Trubee	A Blind Man's Penis	Produced by John Trubee	1:41
Side B				6:58
1	Rain Parade	No Easy Way Down	Produced by Jim Hill, Rain Parade	2:36
2	Plasticland	Disengaged From The World	Produced by Glenn Rehse, John Frankovic	2:10
3	The Pandoras	Worm Boy	Produced by Chaz Ramirez	2:20
4	Get Smart!	Just For The Moment	Produced by Get Smart!, Taylor Ross	2:28
5	The Leaving Trains	Leaving Trains		2:23
6	Green On Red	Sixteen Ways II	Produced by Paul B. Cutler	3:05
7	Game Theory	24	Produced by Mitch Easter	
Side C				5:03
1	45 Grave	Insurance From God	Produced by Craig Leon, Paul B. Cutler	4:50
2	The Effigies	Blue Funk	Produced by The Effigies	1:54
3	Kraut	Juvenile Justice	Produced by Kraut, Ryn Oakley	2:52
4	Redd Kross	Citadel	Produced by Geza X	3:32
5	TSOL	Flowers By The Door	Produced by Chris Gray, Ron Goudie, TSOL	2:59
6	Channel 3	True West	Produced by Ron Goudie	
Side D				3:25
1	Cathedral Of Tears	A Situation Of	Produced by Chaz Ramirez, Jon St. James	3:41
2	Passionnel	The Yellow Boat	Produced by Alex Gibson, Paul B. Cutler	3:42
3	The Untouchables	Lebanon	Produced by Chris Silagy, Pat Foley	3:46
4	The Pool	Where Did We Go Wrong	Produced by Patrick S. Keel	4:51
5	Scott Goddard	Cowpunk	Produced by Danny "Chuck" Wilde, Dennis Dragon, Scott Goddard	4:51
6	SSQ	Playback	Produced by Jon St. James	

Compiled by Steve Pross, William Hein
Cover Design by Wendy Sherman
Cover Photography by Scarpati



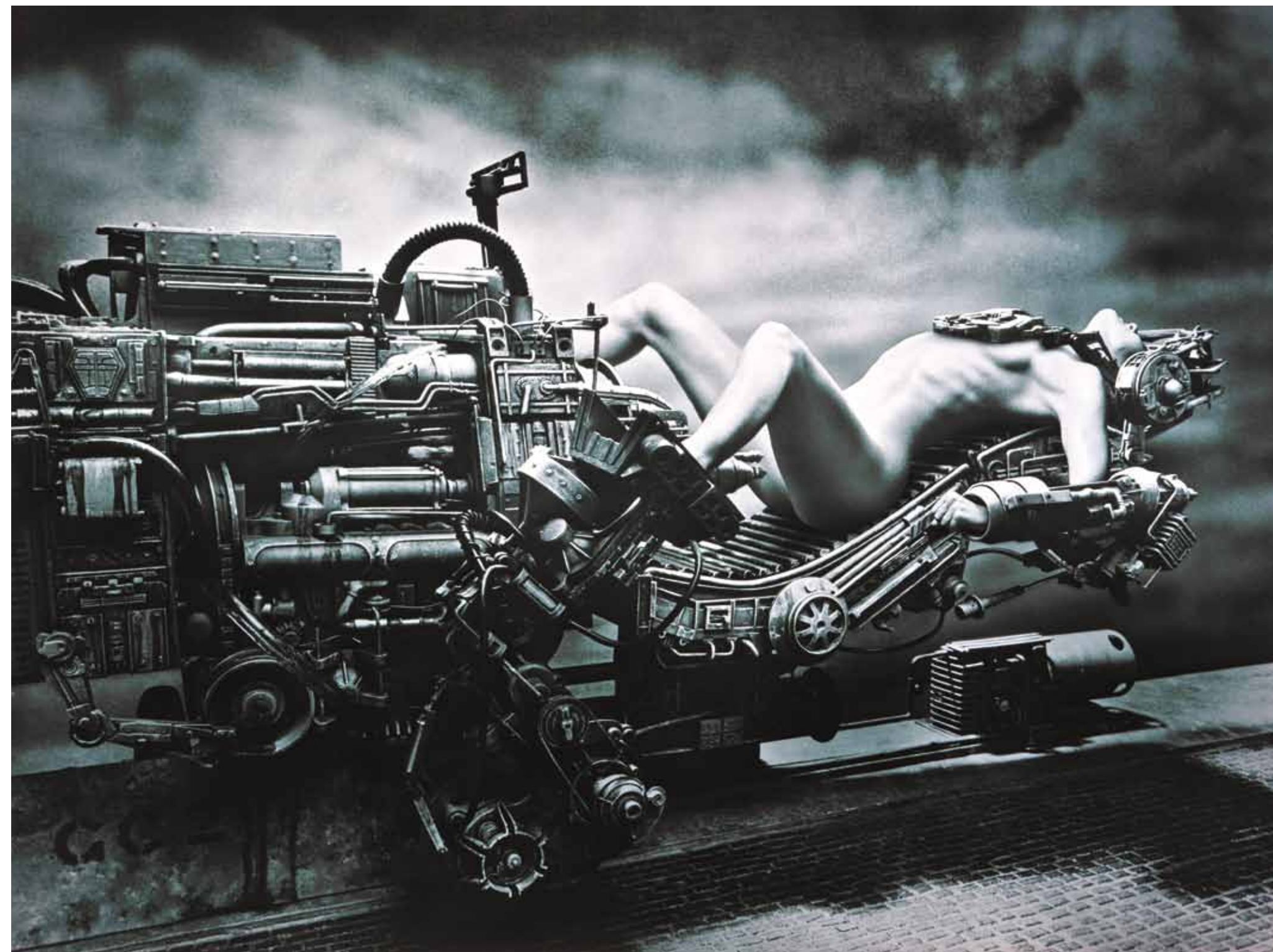


Paul Mars Black — L.A. Guns



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Hurricane, Slave To The Thrill





Feline — Bambi Conway, Mary Mary, Debi Diamond, Lisa Rae Black and Casey Gomez



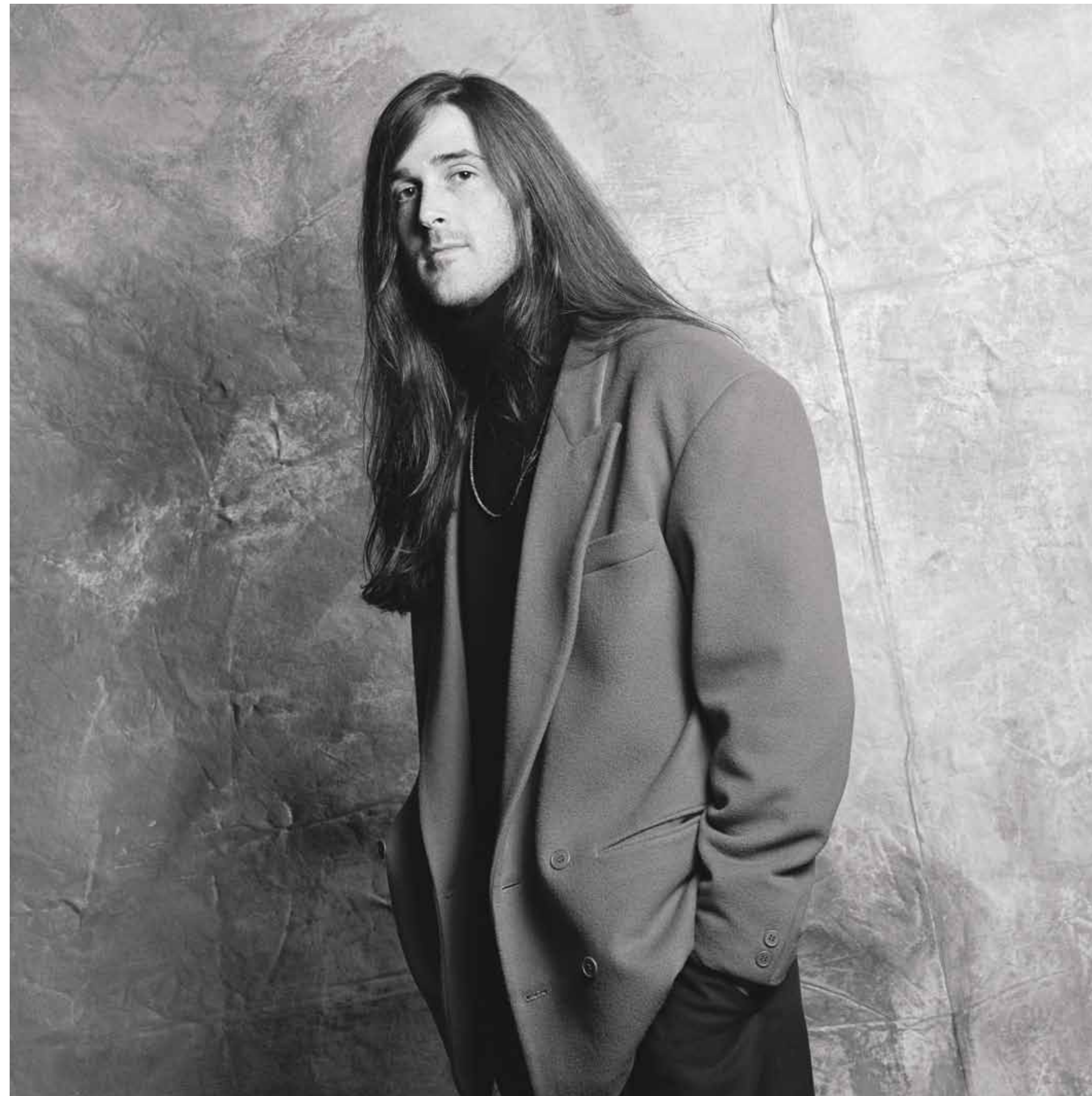
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"I want you to walk down the street. Follow me, but I'm not here, and no attention must be placed on me in any way other than obeying my directions." I step into the road guided by a fascist voyeur who wants me to pretend he's invisible. "Lift your head up Jack, you can look at the ground sometimes but I want you strong across the alley." I look up, pretending not to see the man walking backwards in front of me, jaywalking – shutter crazily opening and closing with his words. "It's not enough to be here," he says, "Everybody is here. I need you to BE here." I'm on a walk with a maniac, and as I've done many times before, I do my best to appease the madness – it's not a good idea to upset a cart pulled by the insane.

I pause and lean against the spray – canned mural of an Aztec god – Mexican golds and greens wrap their pride around me. This is where I belong, a warrior exposed like fire in a city jungle; he needs to shoot me with the kings of my kind. But no, the floating voice backs me against the front window of a fast food restaurant. The 3000 calorie ninety-nine cent deal unrolls on the cracked glass behind me. "Look at me," he says. "Look at me, then throw your eyes toward the ground." I do it – a quick glance of defiance, and then a fall of feigned humility onto the pavement. "I got it. That's the shot." He lowers his camera to his side. "You can see me now if you'd like to. Maybe we can get something to drink?" I follow the voice and the man back to the car.

Jack Grisham — TSOL,
on shooting with Scarpati



John Scarpati, photographed by Erin Flynn



Scorpions, *Skin Deep*

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If I remember correctly (and I think I do) John Scarpati gave me my first break into the record business. I mean, he doesn't deserve all the credit! My hard work and perseverance had a lot to do with my success over the years, but John introduced me to two key clients early on: Frontier and Enigma.

I first met John in 1983 when I was fresh out of CalArts and working my first job post graduation at Music Connection Magazine. John absolutely blew me away when we did a photo shoot with Martha Davis of the Motels on the "Suicide Bridge," (Arroyo Seco Bridge) in Pasadena at sunset. (The "magic hour" he told me. You have about 5 minutes to get the shot before the sun goes down. And of course he got the shot.) He was so great with Martha, making her feel comfortable. She seemed a little self conscious, even though The Motels were at the peak of their career, thanks to the recently released hit single, "Only the Lonely."

Soon after that John introduced me to Lisa Fancher of Frontier Records. John was working on an album cover for a Frontier band called Naked Prey. He had shot the photos but he needed a graphic designer to put the cover together. I am proud to say 25 years, and I don't know how many album covers later, that Lisa is still a client and also has become one of my best friends over the years. (And Frontier is still going strong — they just celebrated their 30th Anniversary!)

One of the most fun, and memorable projects I worked on with John was the Channel 3 "Last Time I Drank" cover for Enigma. I have known Ch3 band member Jay Lansford since we were 17 years old. At the time he was in Ch3, but Jay has been in many seminal L.A. bands, as musician and also producer, including the legendary Simpletones, of "Beach Blvd." fame, The Stepmothers, and The Unforgiven. (He has currently reformed the Simpletones in Germany with a girl singer!) We had an absolute blast working on the Channel 3 cover — and you can tell from the photos. I remember John had this amazing studio right above Frank's Camera on Figueroa in Highland Park. It was a really sketchy neighborhood back then —

before Mr.T's Bowl even! But he had this huge loft and I remember going over there and John would be watching Pink Floyd's "The Wall" on the TV in his bedroom with the sound cranked way up!

Another memory I have of those days was driving around Highland Park with John in his car, on a beautiful So Cal day, with The The blasting on the stereo. The song was "This Is The Day." To this day, every time I hear that song I think of John and driving around Highland Park. After hearing that song in that perfect moment, The The became one of my all time favorite bands, and that album, "Soul Mining" is still one of my favorites — a desert island disc, for sure! Couldn't live without it!

I think the last cover I worked on with John was Redd Kross "Neurotica." Actually, I don't think we even got to work together on that one! Unfortunately I was given the job designing the album package by Big Time Records after the photo shoot had already been completed. But that was a fun project as well, and to be able to start with those great photos with the huge Mardi Gras heads was inspirational.

So, I'd like to thank John for helping me get my start in the music biz, for introducing me to one of my best friends and for turning me on to one of my favorite bands! And, most importantly, for taking such amazing photos, that it makes my job, as the graphic designer working on the packaging, even more fun! Even though it's been years since I've seen John, those days still feel like they were just yesterday...

Wendy Sherman — Art Slave

On Glam.

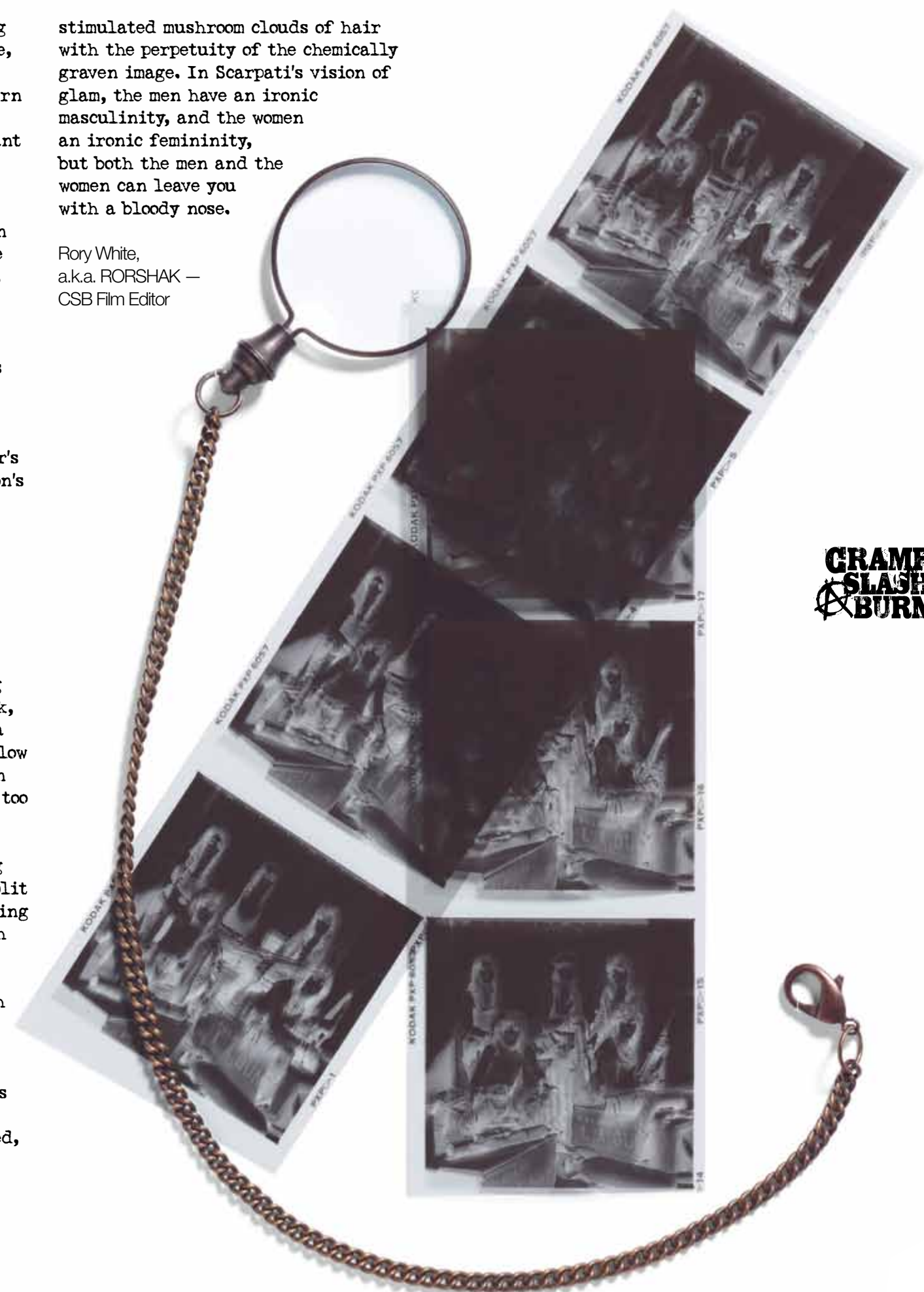
I was once again an alien observing the male peacocks of the human race, peering through a loupe like a periscope from an obscure mid-western submarine of a studio: Scarpati Studio. Roll after roll of flamboyant charlatans illuminated by a light table, long ago crafting their individual parts for a new modern stage play broadcast every night on MTV, but now quietly preserved like butterflies pinned to poster board.

These characters had visited upon me twenty-five years before. I had witnessed the rise of glam metal as a spongy boy acclimatized to a Midwestern adolescence penetrated with the images of monstrously endowed men in spandex. Kurt Loder's Top Ten Countdown was my generation's Little Orphan Annie, and with a simple trip to a drugstore makeup aisle, bands were turning the irony of dressing in drag into a cultural perplexity.

These are images of rock musicians who have discovered a means of signifying their talent by wearing voluptuous hair and glossy lipstick, but will saw into your skull with a heavy metal scream. As the slides glow on the table, a thin line of concern becomes apparent: they can't appear too pretty, and they can't appear too tough. Boy George was too pretty. Slayer was too tough. The surviving frames from many of these shoots split these two factors successfully, making the viewer simultaneously feel both attraction and aversion. That's the glimmer in glam metal: that the categories normally associated with beauty and coarseness get woven together into song and image. Glam metal fuses together stuttering machine gun tube-fried guitar solos and melodic quarter time piano ballads. Scarpati fused pouty-lipped, abdominally-chiseled, abominably beautiful men in atomically

stimulated mushroom clouds of hair with the perpetuity of the chemically graven image. In Scarpati's vision of glam, the men have an ironic masculinity, and the women an ironic femininity, but both the men and the women can leave you with a bloody nose.

Rory White,
a.k.a. RORSHAK —
CSB Film Editor



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Behold the Lodge Patch!

The Lodge Emblem was designed by Lodge Brother Steve Humann, and it's creation bestowed an instant legitimacy to a formerly ramshackle organization. We put it on banners, shirts, hats, flyers, posters, and the patch pictured here. Lodge Men bore the patch with pride! Each patch was unique. The manufacturing process used by the company producing them gave a slightly different expression to each one. With a slight variation in thread placement, the Water Buffalo's face could turn out happy, sad, angry, mean, friendly, or peaceful—much like the changing moods of the Water Buffaloes themselves...



The Lodge

We were officially named The Loyal Order of the Water Buffalo, but known to all as simply, "The Lodge." Like many of the great bands that arose in these times, The Lodge arose spontaneously, with no aspirations to longevity, or even beyond one night's revelry. An empathetic response to one man's heartache and trouble wid his broad, resulted in the spontaneous creation of a men's only club comprised of musicians, artists, and other unusual sorts. Our exclusion of women immediately gave rise to the Women's Auxiliary, fondly known as "The Muffaloes" who had their own women's only meetings. In the early days we often got together with these women afterward for parties.

Lead by our Grand Exalted Poohbah, Chris Bailey, and steered by a group of Elders, we shared camaraderie and good times. It was an idea whose time had come, and invitation-only membership expanded The Lodge like wildfire. Weekly meetings gave the young members an opportunity to express their manliness through hard-drinking, cigar smoking, loud singing, male chauvinism, and merciless initiation of pledges. Many laughs shared in those times, and lifelong bonds of brotherhood and mutual respect were formed.

The Lodge hosted many public events, and became known for legendary parties. Being that so many members were in bands we threw wild fundraisers with multiple headliners, attracting throngs of people. We had outrageous annual themed events, including the Lodge Luau with tiki theme, spam pig, tropical attire, and limbo contest; the Lodge Labor Day Picnic with egg-toss, sack race, tug of war, pie-eating contest and other events—occasionally a fist-fight; the Lodge Caveman Party with primitive costume, evil jungle juice, and ensuing bestial behavior; the formal black-tie Lodge Awards Banquet, serving unusual and often experimental food prepared by the Lodge Brothers themselves, and improbable and hilarious awards given to all members; and the Lodge Beauty Pageant, in which local babes competed for the ultimate validation of hotness— the title of Miss Water Buffalo— a unpredictable and hedonistic event that often degraded into total insanity.

David Thum



There were many adventures where I was either behind the lens with him, helping to do wardrobe styling and make up for his models, or sometimes I was in front of his lens posing for him. One time it was raining out, and I posed for him just steps away from Sunset Blvd. Another time he put me in a big concrete pipe on a construction site. It was after dark and I have no idea where we were.

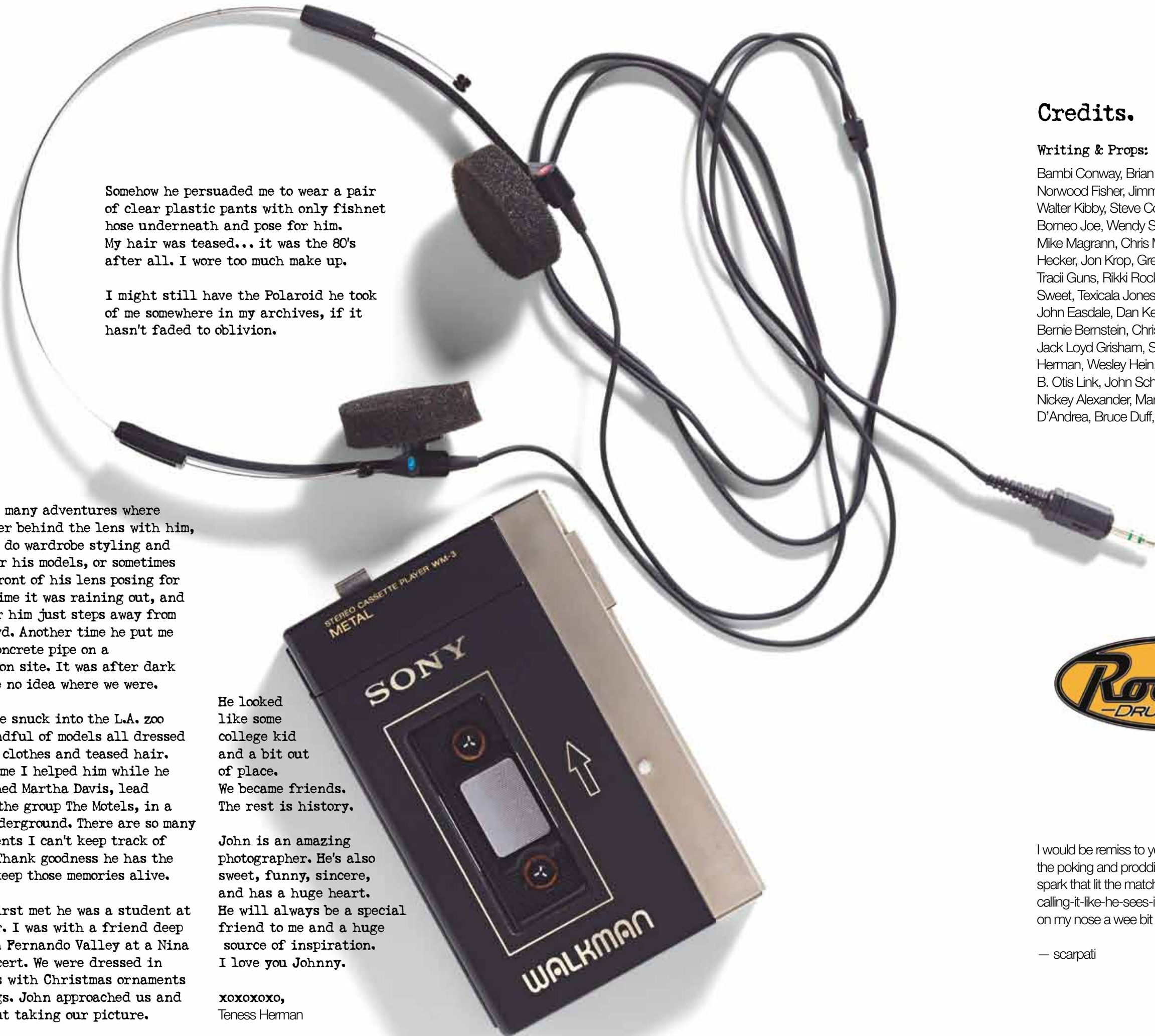
One time we snuck into the L.A. zoo with a handful of models all dressed in plastic clothes and teased hair. Another time I helped him while he photographed Martha Davis, lead singer of the group The Motels, in a tunnel underground. There are so many great moments I can't keep track of them all. Thank goodness he has the photos to keep those memories alive.

When we first met he was a student at Art Center. I was with a friend deep in the San Fernando Valley at a Nina Hagen concert. We were dressed in trash bags with Christmas ornaments as earrings. John approached us and asked about taking our picture.

He looked like some college kid and a bit out of place. We became friends. The rest is history.

John is an amazing photographer. He's also sweet, funny, sincere, and has a huge heart. He will always be a special friend to me and a huge source of inspiration. I love you Johnny.

xoxoxoxo,
Teness Herman



Somehow he persuaded me to wear a pair of clear plastic pants with only fishnet hose underneath and pose for him. My hair was teased... it was the 80's after all. I wore too much make up.

I might still have the Polaroid he took of me somewhere in my archives, if it hasn't faded to oblivion.

Credits.

Writing & Props:

Bambi Conway, Brian Forsythe, Lev Anderson, Norwood Fisher, Jimmy Chalfant, Nadir D’Priest, Walter Kibby, Steve Conte, Holly Gleason, Borneo Joe, Wendy Sherman, Pleasant Gehman, Mike Magrann, Chris Metzler, Iris Berry, Robert Hecker, Jon Krop, Gregory Boaz, Billy Rowe, Tracii Guns, Rikki Rockett, Jon Sidel, Steven Sweet, Texicala Jones, Modi Frank, Merrill Ward, John Easdale, Dan Keegan, Steve Jones, Bernie Bernstein, Chris Reece, Martha Davis, Jack Loyd Grisham, Steve Riccardo, Teness Herman, Wesley Hein, Tim Gaines, Keith Morris, B. Otis Link, John Schubert, Michael Monroe, Nickey Alexander, Marc Canter, Candace D’Andrea, Bruce Duff, David Thum

Kickstarter Donations Crew:

Brian Forsythe, Alexandra Kwiatkowski, Ken Sorenson, Stan Scarpati, John Cate, Linda McPherson, Anna Bisson, Angelia Van Vranken, Teness Herman, Crady von Pawlak, Molly Callaghan, Elvis Wilson, Mark Anderson green, Cathi Newlin, Jason Glass, Josh kowalski, Jeff Chenault, Wayne Ryker’ Greg Hopkins, MarkStewart, Sarah Fuchsia, Heidi Richman, Wendy Sherman, Korby, Christopher McLallen, Chris Blanz, Jon Ofstead, Karin van Bragt Steve Pross, Doug Peterson, rob spampinato, Rob Hamilton, Marc Leftoff, Paul kuznetz Scott Brooks, Bruce Arntson, Marti Scarpati, Heather, Dese’Rae L. Stage, Stan Scarpati

Production Credits:

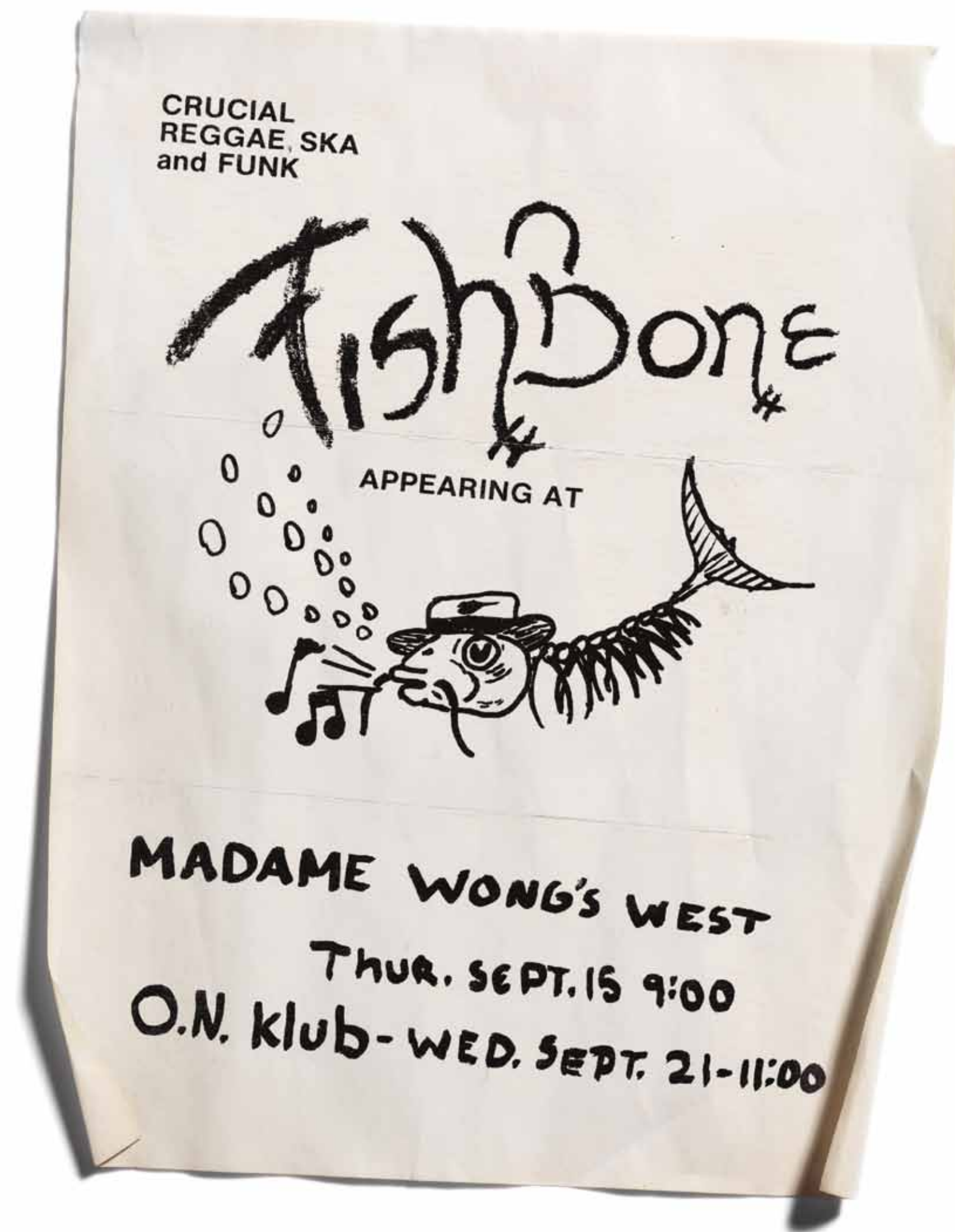
Scarpati — Creative Direction & Photography
John Cate, ink creative — Design
JustHeather — Production
Rory White — Image Editing
Tony Richardson — Clipping Paths

Sponsors.



I would be remiss to yell “that’s a wrap!” without a nod in the direction of my offspring. For one thing, this book would have never come into being without the poking and prodding of my daughter, Cyan. Her love of music and her belief that these images actually prove her old dad was once cool, were the spark that lit the match. I will be forever grateful for the gift that her spirit continues to be. She is missed always. I’m no less grateful for my son, Rafe, whose calling-it-like-he-sees-it approach to all things has often helped return my feet to the ground and keep me on task when I’ve let my rose-colored glasses sit on my nose a wee bit too long.

— scarpati



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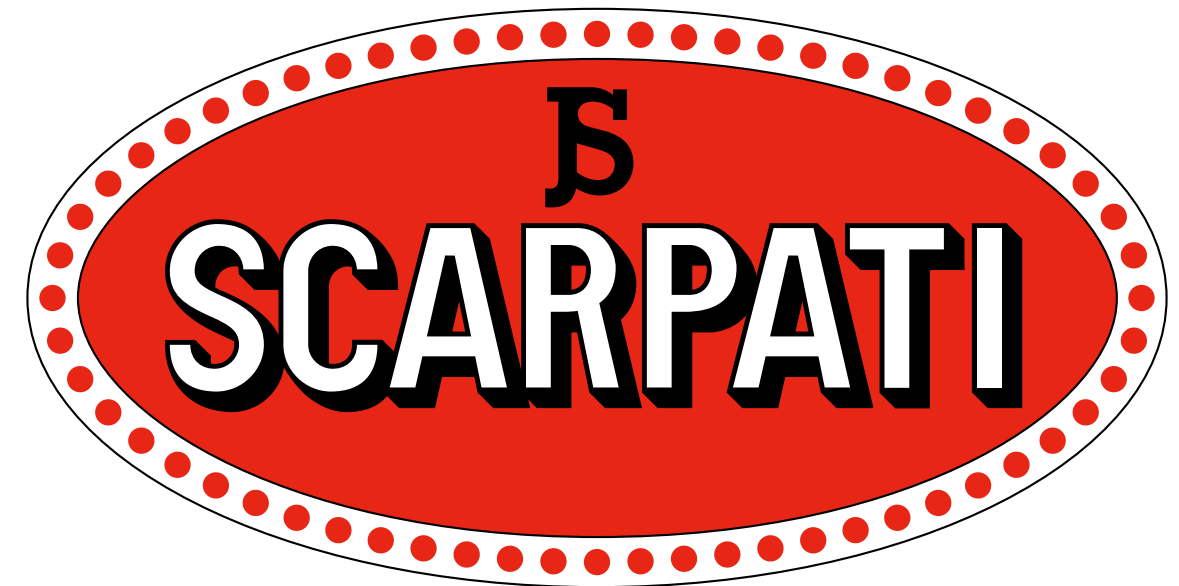


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SCARPATI STUDIO
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scarpati.com



You've probably heard that line about the 1960s — if you remember much of it, you must not have been there. The same could be said about Hollyweird in the 80s, although by then we'd developed a whole different slant on coloring outside the lines. Sharper. Darker. More dangerous, if that's even possible.



This was full-contact, high-performance living at its best and worst. Of course there was no guarantee anyone would make it out the other end of that jagged kaleidoscope alive. But if you did survive, whatever memories you could smuggle out in your guitar case were definitely going to be worth their weight in skulls and mascara.

On behalf of everyone who reached down deep to share the stories collected here, I dedicate this book to all those who stepped off the rollercoaster while it was still blazing like a meteor across the skies high above Sunset Boulevard.

We had a good run.

**CRAMP
SLASH
BURN**

